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Brass on the wall

History is part of every acre, on this English farm. In the still-visible track of the Roman Road which runs, arrow straight, across the lower pastures. In Saxon field-names. In great oaks which were young when the first Queen Elizabeth reigned. In the quaint, many-shaped 'horse brasses' which hang on the farmhouse wall and glint warmly in the light of the big log fire.

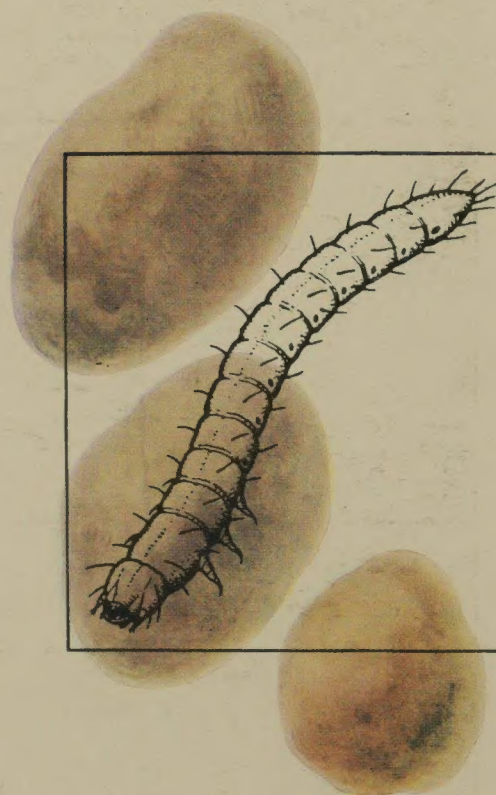
Once—and not so very long since—they glinted bravely on the harness of the farm horses. "Forty years ago," reminisces this progressive British farmer, "my father had over a dozen horses in the stables. To-day? Well, they're *mechanical* horses only. Fodder comes in metal drums and the old 'horse brasses' are just a reminder of days gone by.

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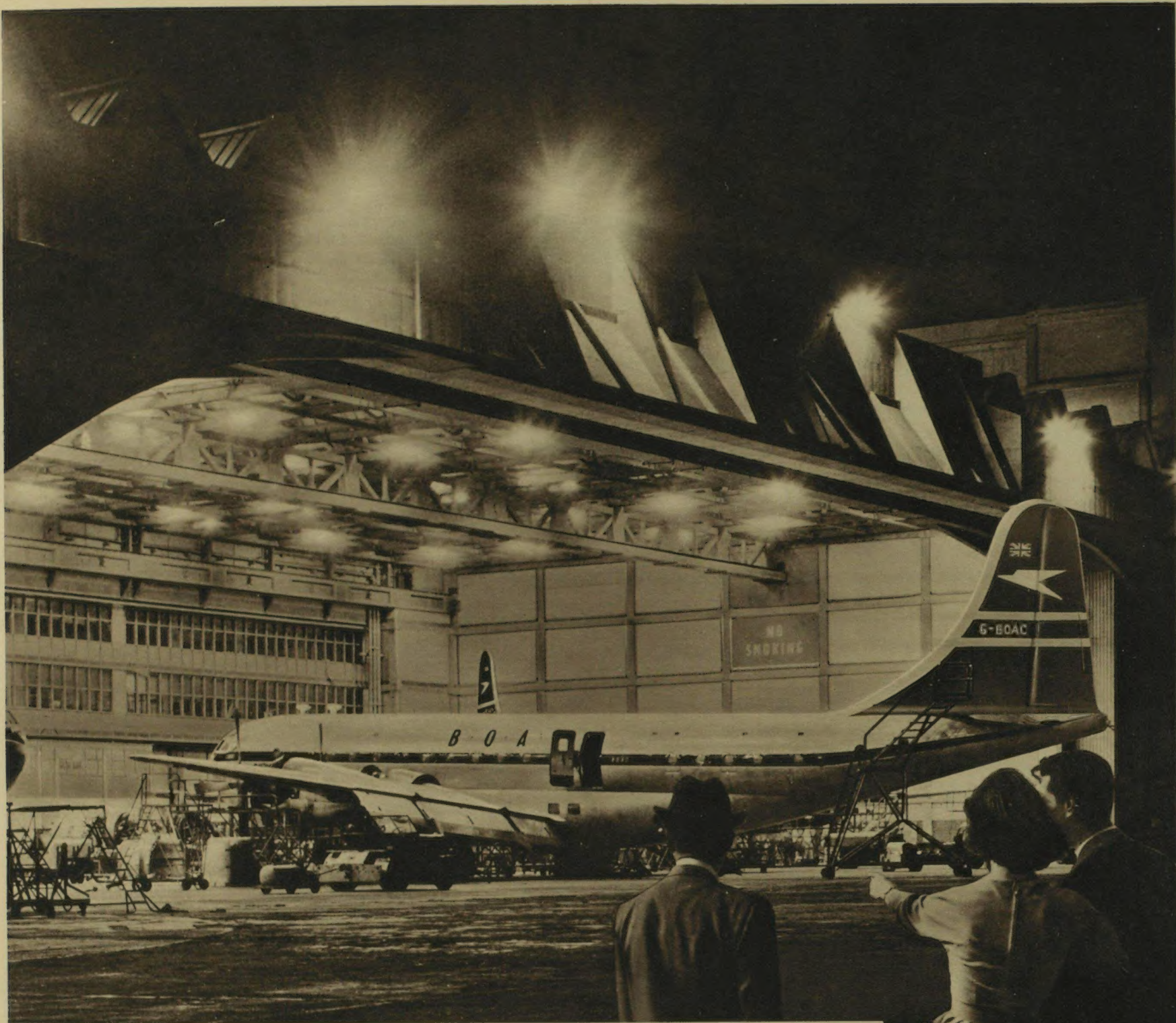
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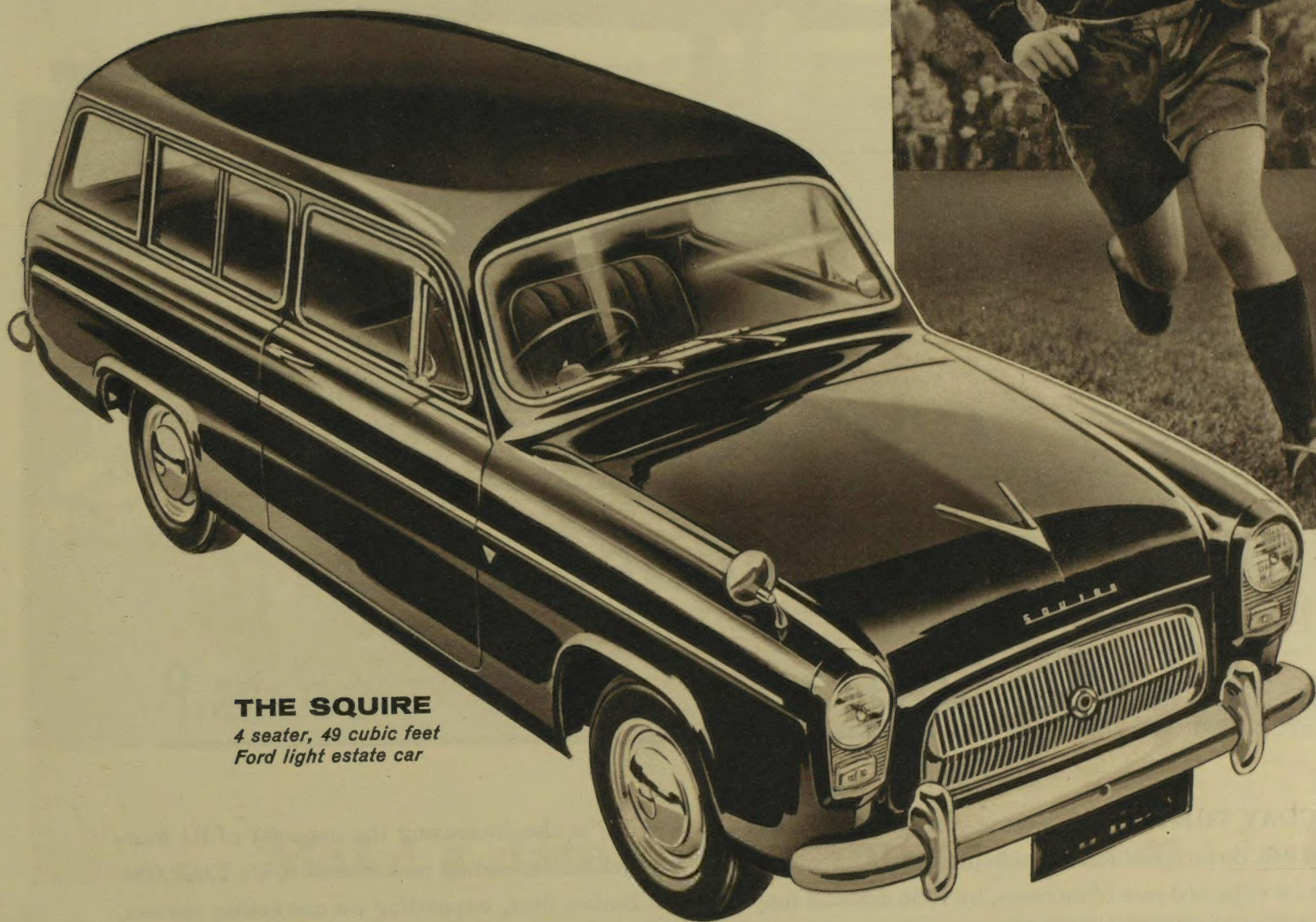
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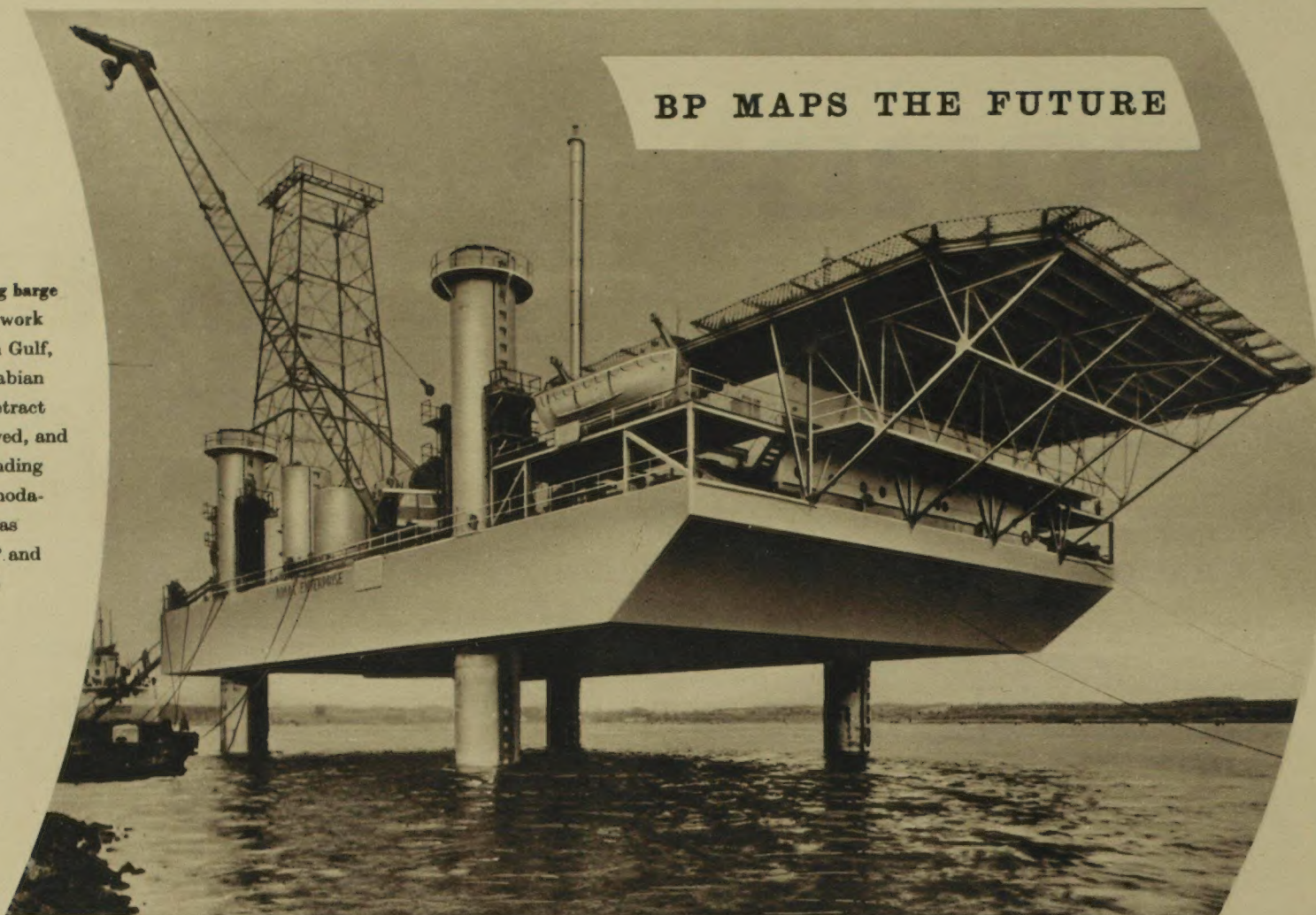
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BP MAPS THE FUTURE

This underwater drilling barge has just commenced work for BP in the Persian Gulf, 80 miles from the Arabian mainland. The legs retract to enable it to be towed, and it has a helicopter landing platform and accommodation for 50 men. It was specially built for BP and Compagnie Française des Pétroles.



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The Cresta was photographed in Woburn Park by kind permission of His Grace the Duke of Bedford



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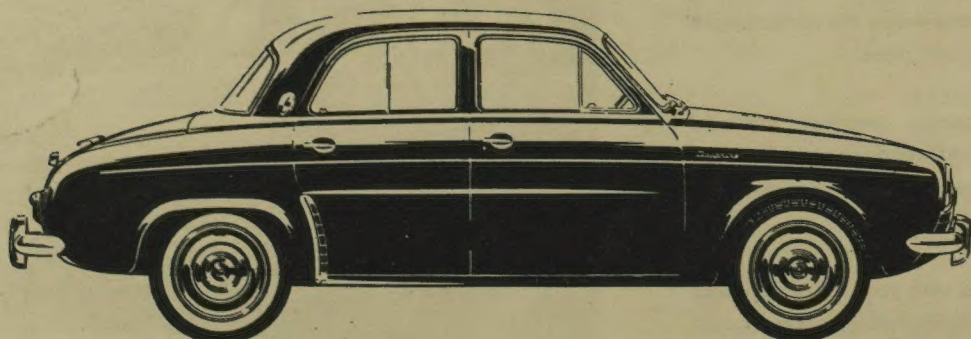
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1958.



THE AIR DISASTER AT MUNICH: BURNING WRECKAGE OF THE *ELIZABETHAN* AFTER THE CRASH IN WHICH TWENTY-ONE LOST THEIR LIVES, INCLUDING SEVEN MEMBERS OF THE MANCHESTER UNITED FOOTBALL TEAM.

On February 6 the British European Airways *Elizabethan* in which the Manchester United football team was returning after their match against Red Star in Yugoslavia crashed on its third attempt to take-off, in a snow-storm, from Riem Airport, Munich. Twenty-one of the forty-four people aboard lost their lives, including the captain and six other players of the Manchester United football team, team officials and eight British sports journalists. Matt Busby, the former Scottish International, who as Manager had made Manchester United one of the most talented football clubs in the world, was critically injured. The team had drawn against Red Star, and having won the first leg of the tie, had thus qualified for the European Cup

semi-finals, for the second successive year. Manchester United had hopes of winning the League and Cup double, a feat last accomplished in 1897; they were favourites for the F.A. Cup, and winning the League Championship would have completed a hat-trick. In the disaster, the steward was the only member of the crew killed. The aircraft struck a house and a hut just beyond the end of the runway. Fires broke out, but not, according to a survivor, in the fuselage. It was the first fatal accident in which a B.E.A. *Elizabethan* had been involved. These aircraft have been in service with B.E.A. since 1952, and are to be finally replaced this year. Photographs of some of those involved in the crash appear on another page.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONE of the consequences—an unlooked-for one—of the creation of the British Welfare State is that the nation's cultural heritage is probably almost in greater danger of extinction than it has been at any time in its history. In theory it is more directly to-day the concern of the people of Britain as a whole than it has ever been before; in practice, it is scarcely their concern at all, because they value it so little. In any free community money means power, and the buying-power of money is to-day largely in "working-class" hands. The little froth of "millionaires" and financial "emperors" and their families at the so-called social top, whose lavish and rather indiscriminating expenditure fills so large a part of the gossip columns of our popular Press, commands in reality only a minute fraction of the community's purchasing power. The middle class and, in particular, the upper-middle classes, who in the past devoted a substantial proportion of their ample incomes to the support of religious, charitable, learned and artistic foundations and to the encouragement of fine craftsmanship are to-day so closely shaved by penal taxation that they can contribute little more than a widow's mite to these causes. And the wage-earning masses, whose incomes in the past thirty years have been doubled, trebled, quadrupled and, in some cases, multiplied tenfold, spend their surplus cash almost exclusively on their own material needs and on non-cultural pleasures like gambling, sport and the contemplation of sex-films and knock-about clowning. Looked at in historical perspective and in the light of nineteenth-century industrial and social conditions it is all perfectly natural and inevitable, but it is hardly an encouraging picture, and one can only hope that, with the vast sums being spent year after year on national education, the level of popular intelligence and public spirit will gradually rise. In the meantime, the preservation of our landscape and historic architecture—the two greatest material assets we have inherited from what, by our present semi-barbaric standards, seems an almost incredibly cultured past—is going by default. The contribution of our statutory and local authorities to their preservation is at best negative and at worst destructive, for, for every building or piece of landscape they save, they destroy a dozen more through the exercise of their omnipresent powers.

Among the major English architectural treasures that have been preserved by the piety and good sense of past generations and which are now in danger of gradual dissolution are our mediæval cathedrals. There are only between twenty and thirty of these, but they number some of the loveliest in Europe. There is not one of them, despite the depredations of earlier iconoclasts and vandals, that is not both a store-house of exquisite art and craftsmanship and a monument to the reverence, service and devotion of successive generations of worshippers and artists. One after another, those responsible for the fabric and maintenance of these wonderful buildings are being driven to appeal to the public for urgent aid to save them from irreparable decay and ultimate collapse. One of the cathedrals whose condition is causing grave concern is Lichfield; whose custodians eighteen months ago appealed for an immediate £200,000, three-quarters of it to provide a capital sum for essential restoration work and the remainder to provide an endowment fund to meet the increased maintenance charges brought about by national inflation. The amount involved

is trifling compared with the vast sums expended to-day by our statutory authorities and the public on objects with only a tithe of the beauty and ultimate educational and artistic importance of this noble building. Yet, though with the generous help of the Pilgrim and Dulverton Trusts a very substantial part of the required sum has been raised and the work of restoration begun, the balance still outstanding is probably far beyond the compass of the straitened means of the little local minority of those who have been brought up to support the cathedral of their native city and

A FINE CATHEDRAL THREATENED.



A VIEW OF LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL, FOR WHICH FUNDS FOR ESSENTIAL RESTORATION WORK ARE STILL NEEDED.

Some eighteen months ago, an appeal for £200,000 for essential restoration work on Lichfield Cathedral was launched. Sir Arthur Bryant writes that, although a substantial part of this sum has been raised with the generous help of the Pilgrim and Dulverton Trusts, funds are still required, and unless the need is met, the Cathedral may, in another few decades, become a ruin.

shire. If they are not helped by those of like mind in a wider world, Lichfield Cathedral may, in another few decades, become a ruin. This is at once both unthinkable and yet possible. The ravages of death-watch beetle to the magnificent roof timbers are so extensive that the entire roof covering is having to be temporarily removed in stages to facilitate the replacement or treatment of the infected woodwork, while much of the external masonry, eroded by the damp English climate and the polluted atmosphere of the industrial Midlands, has to be replaced. The wiring of the thirty-year-old cathedral lighting system also requires renewal if the risk of fire is not to grow. And all this has to be done in the face of inflationary costs.

To anyone familiar with the homely landscape of the West Midlands, the sight of Lichfield's three spires—"the Ladies of the Vale"—is infinitely moving. They speak of faith, of quietude, of unchanging beauty. Set against the Staffordshire sky and mirrored in water they resemble great swans resting on the surface of some tranquil lake. During the nineteenth century, before Southampton

took the place of Liverpool as our main transatlantic passenger-port, Lichfield was usually the first cathedral seen by the American visitor, looking out of the train on the landscape of the homeland of his Anglo-Saxon ancestors. I have before me the work of a Baltimore clergyman, published just over a century ago, describing his impressions of England. "I was very glad," he wrote,

to begin my pilgrimage... with this venerable Church, the see of the primitive and apostolic St. Chad; the scene of some of the most severe and melancholy outrages of the Great Rebellion; and the sacred spot, in which some of the earliest and most durable impressions were made upon the character of the truly great Dr. Johnson... I was to tread, at last, the hallowed pavement of an ancient minister, in which the sacrifices of religion had been offered for centuries, and occupying a spot which had been drenched with the blood of primitive martyrs; I was to join in the solemn chant of its perpetual services; I was to go round about its walls, and mark well its bulwarks, and survey its towers, and to trace the tokens of those who had once set up their banners there... No English mind, to which ancient things have been familiar from birth, could possibly have appreciated my inward agitation at the prospect of such a day... I had never, before, seen a city purely religious in its prestige, and I felt, as soon as my eyes saw it, the moral worth to a nation of many such cities scattered amid the more busy hives of its industry... Such a place as Lichfield is as necessary to a great empire as a Sheffield. It bred a Johnson—and that was a better product for England than ever came out of a manufactory of cotton or hardware.*

For there are three things in particular, for which Lichfield Cathedral is famous and precious—all of them unique. There is its inherent beauty—its lovely spires, its thirteenth-century chapter house with its wonderful carving of foliage and animals, where the Dean and Chapter have met, almost without a break, since 1238, and its Lady Chapel, completed two years after Crecy, which is one of the two or three finest examples of early fourteenth-century architecture extant in the country. There is the association of St. Chad, the great Christian missionary whose glory it was, by his life of faith and service, to unite the Britons and Angles—the divergent nationalities of the ancient kingdom of Mercia whose cathedral it became and in whose honour for more than eight centuries the ancient chapel under the south choir aisle was a place of pilgrimage. And there is the memory of

that great latter-day Anglican layman, whose name figures in no ecclesiastical calendar but is enshrined in the Anglo-Saxon heart in four continents—Samuel Johnson, who grew up in the shadow of the Cathedral. It is for him in our own epoch as much as for St. Chad in an earlier one that Lichfield is a place of pilgrimage, not only for Englishmen, but for Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, Rhodesians and, above all, Americans. For everyone who has read and enjoyed—and who that read it ever failed to enjoy?—Boswell's "Johnson," and learnt from its pages to admire the character of this rough, dominating, tender-hearted, humble and indomitable old man, Lichfield and, above all, Lichfield's Cathedral are hallowed ground. For if the Cathedral he knew and loved so well is an example of what Englishmen at their highest have achieved, Samuel Johnson himself will remain for all time, with Alfred and Lincoln, a supreme example of what, at its best, the Anglo-Saxon character, tempered by the Christian faith, can become.

* Archdeacon A. Cleveland Cox: "Impressions of England"; pp. 11-12.

MR. MACMILLAN IN NEW ZEALAND.

WHEN he arrived by air in New Zealand on January 20, Mr. Macmillan was still feeling the effects of the chill he caught in Singapore, but his health rapidly improved during the course of his visit to New Zealand. After his arrival by air in Auckland, he had a long evening's discussions with the New Zealand Prime Minister, Mr. Nash, and the following day attended a civic reception before visiting the thermal (and Maori) district of Wairakei. On January 22 he and Lady Dorothy Macmillan left for Wellington, where they were greeted by the Governor-General at Government House. On January 23 there were further discussions with Mr. Nash and a State luncheon. On January 24, after a quiet morning and a visit to the House of Representatives to listen to a debate, he left for Dunedin. After a quiet week-end in Dunedin Mr. Macmillan motored to Christchurch, where he dined with the Canterbury Chamber of Commerce on January 27.



AT THE STATE LUNCHEON IN PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, IN WELLINGTON: MR. MACMILLAN WITH HIS HOST, THE LABOUR PRIME MINISTER OF NEW ZEALAND, MR. NASH.



DURING HIS STAY IN DUNEDIN: MR. MACMILLAN STANDS IN SILENCE IN "VICTORIA CROSS CORNER" IN THE RETURNED SERVICES ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

THE PRIME MINISTER IN AUSTRALIA.



DURING HIS VISIT TO CANBERRA: MR. MACMILLAN DURING THE LONG CONVERSATION HE HAD ON JANUARY 30 WITH DR. EVATT, THE LEADER OF THE AUSTRALIAN OPPOSITION.



MR. MACMILLAN, AFTER BEING CONFERRED WITH THE HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LAWS, ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE AT THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY IN CANBERRA.



AT THE PARLIAMENTARY DINNER WHICH WAS TELEVIEWED AND BROADCAST: (L. TO R.) THE FEDERAL TREASURER, SIR A. FADDEN, MR. MACMILLAN AND MR. R. G. MENZIES.

ON January 28, Mr. Macmillan and Lady Dorothy Macmillan arrived by air from New Zealand at Canberra, the Australian Federal capital, and brought with them a most welcome guest—rain. January 29 was marked by a visit to the National War Memorial, some discussions with the Australian Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, and a Parliamentary dinner. On January 30 he had further long talks with Mr. Menzies and with Dr. Evatt, the Australian Opposition Leader, and received an honorary degree. On January 31 his party flew on to Brisbane, where more rain fell. The week-end was spent quietly in Queensland and included a visit to a cattle station. On February 3 he flew to Sydney and had dinner with the Premier of New South Wales. February 4 was marked by receptions and visits to factories; and on February 5, after a water trip round Sydney Harbour, he went by air to Melbourne.

THE EYES OF INTELLIGENCE IN WORLD WAR II.

"EVIDENCE IN CAMERA. THE STORY OF PHOTOGRAPHIC INTELLIGENCE IN WORLD WAR II":

By CONSTANCE BABINGTON SMITH.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

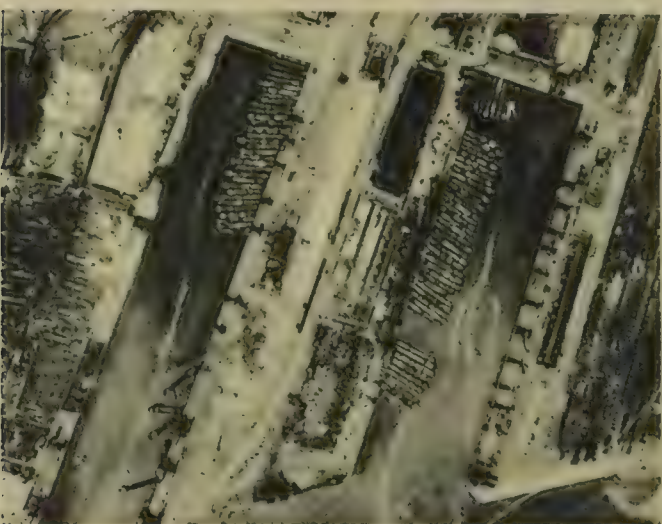
HOW it may be for other people I don't know. But for myself I find that if I have read a work or parts of it (as I read this one) serialised in a newspaper, my approach to it is free from excitement when it appears in book form. This isn't true, of course, of books which are notable for style, story or anecdote, and which one would read and re-read, anyhow. But most such books bring back to me a remark made, in a similar context, by the late Mr. Asquith (as he then was) at his table in Cavendish Square, forty years ago: he said that some publication was "last night's dinner cold for breakfast."

This is not meant as a reflection on Miss Babington Smith's literary powers. Where her complicated and constantly expanding theme gives her a chance of connected narrative she marshals her facts ably and lucidly; and when she allows herself descriptions of dramatic moments and of persons she shows that she has it in her to become a delightful writer of memoirs. But her present subject is so full of technicalities and shifts of scene, and the development of technique with one sole aim so dominant over personalities, that all her reader can do is to absorb a certain amount of information and pass on, with a salute to her and her colleagues for their acumen and industry. A superior officer, when asked why he was employing women



PEENEMÜNDE: THE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN JUNE 1943 ON WHICH V-2 ROCKETS WERE FIRST RECOGNISED (SEE INSET). GENERAL DORNBERGER IDENTIFIES THIS "TEST STAND" AS THE ONE FROM WHICH THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL LAUNCHING OF A V-2 ROCKET TOOK PLACE.

Crown Copyright photographs reproduced from the book "Evidence in Camera"; by courtesy of the publishers, Chatto and Windus.



GERMAN INVASION BARGES ASSEMBLING AT DUNKIRK IN SEPTEMBER 1940.

in this vital and exacting work, said that he wanted people who combined the qualities of Job and an expert sock-knitter.

About the chief patient and vigilant sock-knitter we are told: "Constance Babington Smith joined the W.A.A.F. in July 1940 and, after six months as a teleprinter operator, was commissioned as a photographic interpreter. She started the Aircraft Section of the Central Interpretation Unit alone in April 1941, and was in charge of it throughout its expansion until 1945. She prepared training and reference material and lectured regularly to interpreters and at the R.A.F. Staff College, the Empire Central Flying School, etc. She was Mentioned in Despatches in January 1942, and

* "Evidence in Camera, The Story of Photographic Intelligence in World War II." By Constance Babington Smith. With a Foreword by Marshal of the Royal Air Force the Lord Tedder, G.C.B. Illustrated. (Chatto and Windus; 18s.)

was awarded the M.B.E. in 1945. After VE-Day, Flight Officer Babington Smith was lent to U.S. Army Air Force Intelligence to continue interpretation work in the Pacific theatre. She received the Legion of Merit in December 1945, the first time this U.S. Honour has been awarded to a British woman. Her citation says: 'Recognised as the outstanding Allied authority on the interpretation of photographs of aircraft, she provided the Eighth Air Force with extremely vital intelligence for the strategic bombing and destruction of the German aircraft industry and contributed materially to the success of the U.S.A.F.'s strategic mission to Europe.' That statement provokes two thoughts, amongst others. One is that the woman so highly praised by the Americans might have received, from our own Government, something in the way of recognition, at least a degree higher than the M.B.E. The other is that the American citation does not notice, as in the nature of things it would not notice, the most crucial services which were performed by Miss Babington Smith and her colleagues.

These had no connection with "the interpretation of photographs of aircraft." They had to do with the discovery of the position and movements of ships, with the erection of fortifications, and, ultimately, with the position, number and nature of rocket-sites. It was aerial photography, carried

out with loss of lives, which enabled the British Fleet, attacking Taranto, to know where every Italian ship, and boom, were situated. It was aerial reconnaissance which, when we were approaching a grave food shortage in our overcrowded island, disclosed the whereabouts of what might have been the most devastating commerce-raider of all. It was from Wick "that one of the most famous of all the early photographic sorties took place; the flight from which Pilot Officer Michael Suckling came back with the electrifying news that the *Bismarck* was on her way out to

the Atlantic for the first time. He was [I wonder if he was related to the Sucklings who were Nelson's kin, and under one of whom he first served at sea?] an experienced pilot, but with such youthful looks—fair hair and blue eyes, invisible eyebrows and a pink-and-white face—that inevitably he was nicknamed 'Babe.'"

He came back from his exploratory flight: "As he climbed out of the cockpit he broke the great news: 'I've seen them! Two of them!'... 'Come on in,' said Linton, crossing the room. 'I can't,' Suckling shook his head. 'I'm still in my flying-kit.' 'Babe' always took things very seriously, and would not transgress the rules of the Mess. 'Two of them,' he went on, 'and I think they're cruisers, or one might be a battleship.' It was indeed a battleship. The battleship. And the chase that followed, the epic chase that ended when *Bismarck* went to the bottom six days later, is among the best-known and most

exciting stories of the war." Within two months "Babe" Suckling did not return from his last sortie. There are other notable fliers in this book, especially Alister Taylor and Adrian Warburton (this last at school at St. Edward's, Oxford, with Douglas Bader and Guy Gibson, an extraordinary trio for any school to produce) who made a great impression on people around them, seemed invulnerable, went off and reached the point of no return.

But the last thing not mentioned in the American citation is a thing which did not directly concern America. Rumours reached us that Hitler was producing secret weapons for long-distance bombing of England in general and London in particular, and *Spitfires*, lightened by discarding guns, and carrying cameras, had to quarter Western Europe as a gun-dog quarters a field, looking for alterations and disturbances which might indicate "something going on." In the end everything was run to earth. The invasion barges were detected and destroyed; similarly, the V.I sites were largely put out of action, and eyes more discriminating than watchmakers' sorted out the mischief that was brewing at Peenemünde with the rockets. I am bound to confess that, looking at the photographs here reproduced, I can in no case spot the sinister objects said to be revealed; nor would I with a strong lens or even a stereoscope. But the sock-knitters became thoroughly trained and did an immense amount to save us from invasion or starvation.

The early chapters are painful. It is alleged that certain Army officers (certainly not like any



NORTH AFRICAN LANDING-GROUND PLOUGHED UP TO PREVENT ITS USE BY ADVANCING ALLIED AIR FORCES.

I have ever known) resisted photographing behind the lines on the ground that it was "unsporting"—and when fighting the Germans! Whitehall was, as usual, the main difficulty: the enthusiasts who wished to fight that war instead of the one before found it dreadfully difficult to get even one fast plane for their unprecedented purposes. "Amateurish and ill-equipped" must be the verdict on the early operations: which it wouldn't have been had Mr. Churchill been apprised of them earlier than he was. The man, at that time, who knew most about difficult identifications from the air was the late O. G. S. Crawford, editor of *Antiquity*, an ex-R.A.F. officer and head of his department in the Ordnance Survey. He had an eye like a microscope and a telescope combined, and enormous drive. But nobody seems to have called on him. Perhaps nobody had heard of him.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 280 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MISS CONSTANCE BABINGTON SMITH.

Miss Constance Babington Smith, who was born in 1912, is one of the nine children of the late Sir Henry Babington Smith and the late Lady Elizabeth Babington Smith, eldest daughter of the ninth Earl of Elgin. Educated at home and at Versailles, she worked as a milliner before joining the W.A.A.F. in 1940. (Sir John Squire gives some details of her war service on this page.) Miss Babington Smith was Mentioned in Despatches in January 1942 and awarded the M.B.E. in 1945. In December 1945 she was the first British woman to be awarded the U.S. Legion of Merit.

Portrait by Vane.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



U.S.A. JUST BEFORE LAUNCHING THE FIRST U.S. EARTH-SATELLITE: THE JUPITER C ROCKET WITH EXPLORER AT ITS TIP.

This outstanding photograph was taken at the launching base at Cape Canaveral on January 31 shortly before the *Jupiter C* rocket—a specially adapted version of the *Jupiter* missile, the firing of which is seen in a coloured photograph elsewhere in this issue—was successfully launched to place the earth-satellite, *Explorer*, in its orbit. The multi-stage rocket was 68½ ft. long. The first stage was in effect a *Redstone* rocket without its warhead. To this were

attached clusters of small solid-fuel rockets, on top of which came the 80-in. bullet-shaped satellite, measuring 6 ins. in diameter. *Explorer* was launched by the United States Army, and the main stage of the rocket vehicle was powered by a secret formula "exotic" fuel. On February 5 the U.S. Navy's third attempt to put a small spherical test satellite in orbit failed when the *Vanguard* rocket carrying it broke into two pieces in mid-air and was destroyed.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



PAKISTAN. ARRIVING FOR A STATE VISIT: THE KING OF AFGHANISTAN SEEN AT KARACHI AIRPORT WITH PRESIDENT MIRZA (RIGHT).



PAKISTAN. AT THE START OF HIS FIVE-DAY STATE VISIT: KING ZAHIR SHAH OF AFGHANISTAN DRIVING IN STATE DOWN VICTORIA ROAD, KARACHI.

King Zahir Shah of Afghanistan arrived in Karachi on February 1 for a five-day State visit. The King was warmly received by President Mirza of Pakistan and was cheered by Pakistanis who crowded the 11-mile flag-lined route from the airport. The King was accompanied by the Deputy Prime Minister, Sardar Ali Mohammed Khan.



BRAZIL. AFTER IT HAD COLLAPSED LIKE A HOUSE OF CARDS: THE REMAINS OF A TEN-STOREY APARTMENT BUILDING IN RIO DE JANEIRO.



BRAZIL. BEFORE IT SUDDENLY COLLAPSED: THE TEN-STOREY APARTMENT HOUSE IN RIO DE JANEIRO WHICH IS THOUGHT TO HAVE HAD A FAULTY FOUNDATION. NOBODY WAS INJURED.



(Left.) SOUTH AFRICA. A DISASTROUS FIRE IN WHICH VALUABLE PRE-COOLING STORES AND WAREHOUSES WERE DESTROYED: THE OUTBREAK IN CAPE TOWN DOCKS, WHICH BEGAN ON JAN. 29 DURING THE HEIGHT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN FRUIT SEASON.

(Right.) JAPAN. A FIRE IN WHICH THREE DIED: THE SCENE IN TOKYO ON FEBRUARY 1 WHEN THE TAKARAZUKA THEATRE WAS GUTTED IN A BLAZE WHICH STARTED ON THE STAGE. FIREMEN TOOK TWO HOURS TO BRING IT UNDER CONTROL.



A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



FRANCE. TWO MONTHS AFTER SETTING OUT FROM BERLIN: A GERMAN PILGRIM ARRIVING ON FOOT IN LOURDES ON FEBRUARY 9 IN TIME FOR THE CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS.



AUSTRIA. DURING THE WORLD ALPINE SKI CHAMPIONSHIPS AT BAD GASTEIN ON FEB. 5: THE AUSTRIAN OLYMPIC CHAMPION, T. SAILER, WINNING THE GIANT SLALOM. Toni Sailer won three titles during the World Alpine Ski Championships, which ended at Bad Gastein on February 9. In addition to retaining the giant slalom title, Sailer retained his downhill title to give him also the combined title. With J. Rieder's victory in the ordinary slalom, in which Sailer came second, Austria won four titles.



FRANCE. PREPARING FOR THE BEGINNING OF THE CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS AT LOURDES: PILGRIMS KNEELING AT A SHRINE NEAR THE SCENE OF ST. BERNADETTE'S VISIONS.

This year marks the centenary of St. Bernadette's visions of the Virgin Mary, which have made Lourdes a shrine visited by millions of pilgrims. The celebrations marking this important anniversary began on February 11.



U.S.A. AT CAPE CANAVERAL, ON FEB. 5: THE U.S. NAVY'S THIRD ATTEMPT TO LAUNCH A SATELLITE ENDING WITH THE DESTRUCTION OF THE VANGUARD MISSILE.

Five days after the U.S. Army's successful launching of Explorer the U.S. Navy made its third attempt to put a test spherical satellite into orbit. The three-stage Vanguard rocket had risen to several thousand feet when "it deviated to the right and broke into two pieces, at which time the range safety officer destroyed it."



CZECHOSLOVAKIA. AT THE EUROPEAN ICE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS AT BRATISLAVA: THE THREE BRITISH COUPLES WHO GAINED THE FIRST THREE PLACES IN THE DANCING CHAMPIONSHIP ACKNOWLEDGING THEIR OVATION. British couples took the first three places in the Dancing Championship at Bratislava on January 31. First were the British and World Champions, June Markham and Courtney Jones. Catherine Morris and Michael Robinson came second, and Barbara Thompson and Gerard Rigby third.



ALGERIA. THE AFTERMATH OF AN INCIDENT ON JANUARY 11 NEAR SAKIET, ON THE TUNISIAN BORDER: THE FUNERAL OF FIFTEEN FRENCH SOLDIERS KILLED IN AN ATTACK BY AN ALGERIAN REBEL FORMATION, WHICH HAD CROSSED OVER FROM TUNISIA. PHOTOGRAPHS OF SAKIET, THE TARGET OF A FRENCH AIR RAID ON FEB. 8, APPEAR ON PAGE 265.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



EAST BERLIN. IN A RECENT PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION: ARMOURD VEHICLES SAID TO BE OF THE INTERNAL SECURITY FORCES.

Armoured cars reported to be designed for the quelling of possible anti-Communist risings were recently demonstrated in the streets of East Berlin. At the front and back of the column (above) are cars equipped with powerful hoses.



WEST BERLIN. RECENTLY OPENED: THE REBUILT DEUTSCHLANDHALLE, WHICH WAS SEVERELY DAMAGED BY BOMBING IN THE WAR. THE CITY'S HUGE PLACE OF ASSEMBLY OF PRE-WAR DAYS HAS BEEN RECONSTRUCTED TO HOLD UP TO 16,000 PEOPLE. A HORSE SHOW HAS ALREADY BEEN HELD THERE.



THE NETHERLANDS. AT THE HOME OF JOKE HAANSCHOTEN, THE "RADIOACTIVE" DUTCH CHILD: REMOVING CONTAMINATED BRICKWORK.



THE NETHERLANDS. REMOVING PART OF THE CHIMNEY AT THE HOME OF JOKE HAANSCHOTEN.

As reported in earlier issues, part of a needle for radium treatment remained in the nose of four-year-old Joke Haanschoten when she returned home from hospital. The needle fragment was burned later at her home, where elaborate precautions have been taken against radioactivity. The girl and her family were recently reported well, but still under observation.



U.S.A. LAYING THE KEEL OF THE UNITED STATES' FIRST ATOMIC-POWERED AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: A KEEL PLATE BEING LIFTED INTO PLACE AT THE NEWPORT NEWS SHIPYARD.

On February 4 the keel was laid at the yard of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Co., Virginia, of *Enterprise*, which will be the United States', and probably also the world's, first atomic-powered aircraft-carrier. The 1000-ft.-long ship will be powered by eight atomic furnaces, and will be of 85,000 tons. She is to be completed by 1961.



SYRIA. IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES AT DAMASCUS: PRESIDENT KUWATLY NOMINATING PRESIDENT NASSER AS FIRST HEAD OF THE UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC.

On February 5 the Syrian Chamber of Deputies unanimously approved the nomination of President Nasser by President Kuwatly as the first President of the United Arab Republic. A plebiscite on the appointment of President Nasser and on the constitution is to be held on February 21.



EGYPT. SHORTLY AFTER THE PROCLAMATION OF THE NEW UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC: PRESIDENTS NASSER AND KUWATLY EMBRACING EACH OTHER IN THE PRESIDENCY IN CAIRO ON FEBRUARY 1.

ONLY five weeks have passed since I last wrote on Cyprus. Some readers may sigh on seeing the headline and complain that the subject, which has now been on the table for years, is overdone. In fact, since that last article appeared there have been remarkable developments. For the first time the Turkish Cypriots have gone in for rioting on a big scale, clearly surprising troops and police by the determination of their attacks. For the first time the extreme left wing has come out as killers against the right wing which is represented by Eoka. And a few words from Archbishop Makarios would seem to have ended this breach in the Greek Cypriot ranks. It is indeed reported that representatives of the left-wing unions have since visited him in Greece.

As these words are written the whole island is quiet, but it is a peaceful phase with a background of anxiety, which extends to Athens. Various hints of plans, some of which may have had a foundation, have appeared. At all events it has been accepted that proposals are being hatched. Should there be at this time a new outbreak of terrorism on the island the result might be to kill them out of hand. The position of the Archbishop as an intermediary, now very high owing to the fresh prestige acquired by bringing about an immediate truce between left and right, would be compromised. On the other side the growing strength of Turkish demands for partition may have already wrecked the British proposals in their original form.

At least the statements of the Turkish Cypriot leader Dr. Kutuchuk, which might have done more harm, have been modified. On his return from briefing in Ankara he was reported to have announced—with what in the circumstances appeared to be official authority—that partition was now "certain" and that he could give a pledge that in no event would Cyprus ever become Greek. He has since stated that all he meant was that he personally believed, and would campaign with this end in view, that the island ought to be partitioned before the next general election in Great Britain; he did not claim that this was the view of the Turkish Government. It would seem likely that the Turkish Government thought that the doctor was going too far.

Meanwhile, the United States, which has always taken a deep and sometimes a rather embarrassed interest in the Cyprus problem, has given its views to the Greek Government. These were conveyed, not through the Embassy, but by an Assistant Secretary of the State Department who paid a visit to Athens. It was reported in one quarter, though this may have been only speculation, that this senior official expressed the opinion that a fresh outbreak of violence now would put an end to any hope of a settlement. This would suggest that there was such a hope at present, and in fact there has for some time been an optimistic atmosphere for which it is difficult to see much warrant. People seem to think a promising plan is just round the corner.

It may help to clarify the issue if I try to answer the question: "What do we ourselves want? What is our interest in Cyprus?" The answer that this is a military base is not sufficient because the outlook on Cyprus has considerably changed. The modification of its rôle may be in part due to the experience acquired in Operation

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. CYPRUS: WAITING FOR A PLAN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Musketeer at Port Said, but is likely to be, in the main, attributable to the cuts in the British armed forces. At one time the British Government undoubtedly pictured Cyprus as a base from which forces would be available for the task of keeping the peace in the Middle East. This rôle is even now not out of the question, but the strength of the land forces in the island as now projected would

improve the facilities of the air base, it is virtually impossible to make the island a good naval base and there is no intention of doing anything on these lines beyond slightly improving facilities for supplying the needs of the forces by sea. These differ vastly from facilities for "laying on a show."

From this point of view Cyprus is distinctly useful, and it is disclosing no secrets to say that members of the Baghdad Pact are very anxious that its rôle should continue. A glance at a modern atlas—one on which that pleasant pink shade is not as widespread as it used to be in the good old days—will show that the only other region from which Britain could afford this sort of support to her allies would be the Persian Gulf. Physically Cyprus is preferable. The same thing is true politically, chiefly because Egypt has been permitted to make a dead letter of the international convention governing the use of the Suez Canal, but also on account of the political situation in the Persian Gulf itself. This is considered to be worse and more difficult to control than that in Cyprus.

At the same time I hold now, and always have held, the view that, in the long run, the political implications in Cyprus must be vital to the working of a base in Cyprus as a sound and efficient undertaking. We may take it for granted that it is the intention of the makers of British policy and strategy to stay in Cyprus. This being so, the Chiefs of Staff have as great an interest as any in a political settlement which would remove the handicaps of unrest and disaffection in the population. No such settlement can be obtained by partition. Something might be done through N.A.T.O., and Cyprus as a N.A.T.O. base is just a conceivable solution. Here Turkey appears to be the chief obstacle.

The Soviet Government may be able to disregard local opinion when it establishes bases on foreign soil, but even it obviously takes measures to placate governments and people in these cases. In the free world the base-holder cannot beyond a certain point disregard either international opinion or local objections. It cannot sit on the safety valve all the time and keep its engine working. This can indeed be done temporarily, but to base a policy on managing affairs indefinitely in this manner is futile. Arguments that the agitation is "artificial," instigated by the Church, are beside the point. Few peoples or individuals know how far their motives are rational or emotional, from without or from within.

We have been going round in circles over Cyprus for something like three years. Admittedly the difficulty of finding a workable policy has been immense, but the British Government cannot halt for that reason. Cyprus is at present a British

colony, so that the responsibility for the initiative at every step falls on Britain. It made one deadly mistake in encouraging the Turks to oppose the demands of the majority of the Cypriot population, and thus created the chief difficulty by which it is faced to-day. It has many factors, such as the military ones mentioned here, to bear in mind. But the main factor, which involves our honour, is this: we cannot afford to show ourselves false to the principles on which our modern colonial policy is founded.



SOON AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL IN ATHENS: A DELEGATION OF LEFT-WING CYPRIOT TRADE UNION LEADERS AT A MEETING WITH ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS.

The murder by members of Eoka on January 21 of two prominent members of the left-wing trade union in Cyprus, the Communist-controlled Pan-Cyprian Labour Federation, led to a serious clash between the extreme right and left wings of the Greek Cypriot national movement. On January 23 Archbishop Makarios appealed for unity among Greek Cypriots, and after two days of strikes and demonstrations in protest against the killings members of the trade union returned to work. In the first week in February a delegation of the Pan-Cyprian Labour Federation went to Athens for discussions with Archbishop Makarios. The delegation included Mr. Andreas Zhiartides, leader of the union, seen here standing on Archbishop Makarios' left.



FOLLOWING THE RIOTS IN CYPRUS ON JANUARY 27 AND 28: SOME OF THE LARGE CROWD AT THE FUNERAL OF FOUR TURKISH CYPRIOTS IN NICOSIA WHO WERE KILLED IN THE RIOTING.

While there has been a rift in the Greek Cypriot national movement following the murder of two trade unionists, the Turkish Cypriots, as reported in our last issue, have staged their first serious anti-British demonstration. In the rioting on January 27 and 28, seven Turkish Cypriots lost their lives. An appeal for peace was made by the Turkish Prime Minister, and early on January 29 the British authorities lifted the curfew. Later in the day the burial of four Turkish Cypriots killed in Nicosia, which was attended by large crowds, took place without disturbance. Sir Hugh Foot and Dr. Kutuchuk, leader of the "Cyprus is Turkish" party, were both in Turkey at the time.

not suffice for such a task, except on a very small scale.

The other rôle which has come into prominence lately, and which I have no hesitation in assessing as by a long way the more important of the two now, is support for the countries of the Baghdad Pact. Such support would be rendered mainly in the air. As a base Cyprus is at its worst from the naval point of view and at its best from that of the air. Moreover, whereas it is not difficult to

MUNICH AIR CRASH VICTIMS: PLAYERS, OFFICIALS AND JOURNALISTS.



P. H. CURRIE. THE MANCHESTER UNITED TRAINER. KILLED.



MATT BUSBY. THE MANCHESTER UNITED MANAGER. CRITICALLY INJURED.



WALTER CRICKMER. THE TEAM SECRETARY. KILLED.



H. WHALLEY. THE TEAM COACH. KILLED.



GEOFF BENT. RESERVE LEFT BACK. KILLED.

(Right.) THE ILL-FATED TEAM. (1) DUNCAN EDWARDS (LEFT HALF), DANGEROUSLY INJURED; (2) BILLY FOULKES (RIGHT BACK), SLIGHTLY INJURED; (3) MARK JONES (CENTRE HALF), KILLED; (4) RAY WOOD (GOALKEEPER), INJURED; (5) EDDIE COLMAN (RIGHT HALF), KILLED; (6) DAVID PEGG (OUTSIDE LEFT), KILLED; (7) JOHN BERRY (OUTSIDE RIGHT), GRAVELY INJURED; (8) BILL WHELAN (INSIDE RIGHT), KILLED; (9) ROGER BYRNE (CAPTAIN AND LEFT BACK), KILLED; (10) TOMMY TAYLOR (CENTRE FORWARD), KILLED; (11) D. VIOLET (INSIDE LEFT), INJURED.



ALFRED CLARKE. JOURNALIST (MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE). KILLED.



FRANK SWIFT. FAMOUS EX-FOOTBALLER AND JOURNALIST (NEWS OF THE WORLD). KILLED.



HENRY ROSE. JOURNALIST (DAILY EXPRESS). KILLED.



A. LEDBROOKE. JOURNALIST (DAILY MIRROR). KILLED.



GEORGE FOLLOWS. JOURNALIST (DAILY HERALD). KILLED.



H. D. DAVIES. JOURNALIST (MANCHESTER GUARDIAN). KILLED.



T. JACKSON. JOURNALIST (MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS). KILLED.



ERIC THOMPSON. JOURNALIST (DAILY MAIL). KILLED.

We show here some of the players, officials and journalists who were killed and injured in the terrible Munich air crash of February 6 which is reported on our front page. Mr. W. T. Cable, the steward of the aircraft, and the travel agent, Mr. B. P. Miklos, were killed. Of the remaining players, A. Scanlon (outside left) was injured but making a good recovery; J. Blanchflower (centre half) was badly injured but making some improvement; Robert Charlton (inside right) was injured but recovering; Harry Gregg, the hero of the crash, was only slightly injured and his photograph appears

elsewhere. Also injured were the pilot, Captain K. G. Rayment (still critically ill at the time of writing); the radio officer, G. Rodgers; Mrs. Miklos (wife of the travel agent); Mrs. Vera Lukic (wife of the Yugoslav military attaché in London) and her infant daughter; Mrs. N. Tomasevic, a Yugoslav citizen; and a *News Chronicle* journalist, Mr. F. Taylor. Others who were treated at hospital but allowed to leave were the Chief Officer, Captain J. Thain, and the stewardesses, Margaret Bellis and Rosemary Cheverton; and two *Daily Mail* photographers, P. Howard and E. Ellyard.

THE MUNICH AIR DISASTER: THE CRASHED AIRCRAFT, VICTIMS AND SURVIVORS.



CAPTAIN K. G. RAYMENT. THE CO-PILOT, WHO WAS FLYING THE AIRCRAFT. CRITICALLY ILL.



THE ILL-FATED MANCHESTER UNITED TEAM LINED UP BEFORE THE START OF THEIR MATCH AGAINST RED STAR AT BELGRADE ON FEBRUARY 5. THE MATCH WAS DRAWN 3-3.



STEWARD W. T. CABLE. THE ONLY MEMBER OF THE CREW TO BE KILLED IN THE CRASH.



A GERMAN POLICE OFFICER LOOKING INTO THE WRECKAGE OF THE PASSENGER CABIN OF THE B.E.A. ELIZABETHAN, IN WHICH MANCHESTER UNITED WERE TRAVELLING.



FIGHTING THE FIRE WHICH BROKE OUT IN THE HOUSE WHICH THE ELIZABETHAN STRUCK WITH ITS PORT WING, ABOUT 300 YARDS FROM THE END OF THE RUNWAY.



SNOW, A CHIEF CONTRIBUTOR TO THE DISASTER, FALLS ON THE WRECKAGE OF THE FOREPART OF THE WRECKED ELIZABETHAN. IT WAS IN THIS PART THAT THE MAJORITY OF THE SURVIVORS WERE LOCATED.



REUNITED IN A MUNICH HOSPITAL: MR. LUKIC, WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER, WHO SURVIVED THE DISASTER.

The air disaster at Riem Airport on February 6, in which twenty-one persons, including seven members of the Manchester United football team (which had been playing at Belgrade), were killed, was the subject of statements by the West German authorities and by Mr. A. H. Milward, chief executive of British European Airways, the former saying that the fact that the aircraft did not leave the ground was probably the result of ice on the wings. The engines had developed no trouble. Mr. Milward said: "I can not give the cause of the disaster, but . . . what would have been a simple mishap, in which people

might have climbed out of the aircraft with ankle injuries, was turned into a major disaster by the house situated 300 yards from the end of the 2000-yard Munich Airport runway." B.E.A. have been using twin piston-engined *Elizabethans* since 1952, and this was their first fatal accident with one. They are being replaced this year with *Viscounts*. Throughout the United Kingdom on February 8 players and spectators at all Association and Rugby football matches remembered the dead in a tribute of silence. Messages of sympathy have poured into Manchester from all over the world.

DR. FUCHS' ARRIVAL AT THE SOUTH POLE: A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE END OF THE FIRST HALF OF AN EPIC TREK ACROSS THE ICE CONTINENT.



DR. FUCHS REACHES THE SOUTH POLE: THE LEADER OF THE TRANS-ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION SMILING AS HE JUMPED OUT OF HIS *SNO-CAT* ON JANUARY 20 AT THE END OF THE FIRST PART OF HIS ANTARCTIC OVERLAND CROSSING.



ONE OF THE FIRST TO GREET DR. FUCHS AT THE SOUTH POLE: REAR-ADMIRAL GEORGE DUFEK, LEADER OF THE AMERICAN ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION, PRESENTING DR. FUCHS (RIGHT) WITH A U.S. NAVY CAP.



RINGED WITH OIL-DRUMS AND WITH THE FLAGS OF THE UNITED NATIONS AND THE UNITED STATES WAVING IN THE BITTER WIND: THE SOUTH POLE, GOAL OF ANTARCTIC EXPLORERS.

The photographs on these two pages show various scenes during that historic day, January 20, when Dr. Fuchs and his party of eleven reached the South Pole after travelling for fifty-six days over the 900 miles from Shackleton Base. Dr. Fuchs and his companions left the South Pole, where they had been magnificently received by the United States party stationed there during the International Geophysical Year, at eight minutes to five on the afternoon of January 24. There had been some delay because of bad weather. Dr. Fuchs left his two dog teams and sledges at the Pole and was using only four



SHAKING HANDS DURING THEIR LONG-AWAITED MEETING AT THE SOUTH POLE: SIR EDMUND HILLARY (LEFT) GREETING DR. FUCHS WITH "HELLO, BUNNY." HE WAS ANSWERED WITH "DAMN GLAD TO SEE YOU, ED."



WEARING A WHITE SWEATER AND SMOKING HIS PIPE: DR. VIVIAN FUCHS HOLDING A PRESS CONFERENCE AT THE SOUTH POLE ON THE DAY OF HIS ARRIVAL.

Sno-Cats and a *Weasel* for his journey to Scott Base. In the first three marches Dr. Fuchs and his party covered 100 miles—the mileages between camps having been 25, 35 and 40. On January 28 Mr. Geoffrey Pratt, the geophysicist member of the party, was found to be suffering from carbon-monoxide poisoning, thought to have been caused by the *Sno-Cat* which he had been driving. At this stage the party was some 135 miles from the Pole, and oxygen supplies and equipment were dropped by two U.S. Navy aircraft from McMurdo Sound. Pratt was reported to be making a rapid recovery next day and on January 31,



LEAVING THE SOUTH POLE: A U.S. NAVY NEPTUNE AIRCRAFT CARRYING REAR-ADMIRAL GEORGE DUFEK AND SIR EDMUND HILLARY, WHO HAD GREETED DR. FUCHS.



AFTER GREETING DR. FUCHS: SIR EDMUND HILLARY RETURNING TO THE BUILDINGS AT THE SOUTH POLE STATION WITH HIS DOG TEAM.



ENJOYING A WELL-EARNED REST AT JOURNEY'S END: DR. FUCHS' TEAM OF HUSKIES CURLED UP IN THE SNOW AT THE SOUTH POLE.



AT McMurDO SOUND ON JANUARY 26: ONE OF DR. FUCHS' DOGS BEING TAKEN FROM THE AIRCRAFT WHICH BROUGHT THEM FROM THE SOUTH POLE.

when the party had covered over half the distance from the Pole to Depot 700, he had resumed his normal duties. The *Weasel* was abandoned at this stage as it had developed mechanical trouble. On February 2 Dr. Fuchs was only 150 miles from Depot 700, but areas of crevasses still lay between his party and the depot. On February 6, when only 28 miles from the depot, the party was reported to be in trouble in the second area of crevasses, having safely tackled those some 30 miles nearer the Pole. Dr. Fuchs reported that he had not picked up Sir Edmund Hillary's cairns or tracks. On the following day



AFTER THEIR JOURNEY FROM THE SOUTH POLE IN A UNITED STATES NAVY NEPTUNE AIRCRAFT: TWO OF DR. FUCHS' EIGHTEEN DOGS SEEN AT McMurDO SOUND.

Dr. Fuchs, with two of the *Sno-Cats*, reached Depot 700 in fine weather. The other two vehicles, one of which had broken its steering mechanism when it fell into a crevasse, were then some ten miles behind, and only reached the depot late on February 9. Within half an hour of their arrival the *Beaver* aircraft bringing Sir Edmund Hillary from Scott Base reached Depot 700. On the following morning, soon after 9.30 a.m., Dr. Fuchs' party, accompanied and guided by Sir Edmund, started on the second leg of their 1200-mile journey from the South Pole to Scott Base, which they hoped to reach in 4 weeks.



IN FIJI: ADI ATECA, TINY DAUGHTER OF RATU K. K. T. MARA AND ADI LALA (STANDING BEHIND CHILD), PRESENTING A BOUQUET TO THE QUEEN MOTHER.

THE QUEEN MOTHER'S TOUR: SCENES IN FIJI; AND HER VISIT TO NEW ZEALAND.



DURING THE YAQONA CEREMONY IN FIJI: THE CUP-BEARER POURING THE TRADITIONAL DRINK INTO A COCONUT SHELL HELD BY THE QUEEN MOTHER.



IN AUCKLAND: THE QUEEN MOTHER SMILINGLY ACKNOWLEDGING THE GREETINGS OF THE CROWD ON HER ARRIVAL AT ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



AFTER A DISPLAY OF PRECISION MARCHING IN AUCKLAND: THE QUEEN MOTHER TALKING TO THE LEADER OF THE "SCOTTISH HUSSARS" GIRLS MARCHING TEAM.



DURING A RECEPTION IN THE WAR MEMORIAL MUSEUM IN AUCKLAND ON FEBRUARY 3: THE QUEEN MOTHER LOOKING AT A SPITFIRE.

H. M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN arrived in Fiji on Jan. 31 for a one-day visit during her flight across the Pacific to New Zealand. At Lautoka she was welcomed with ancient Fijian ceremonies and won the hearts of all who saw her by her interest and enthusiasm. She drank a bowl of kava from the polished coconut shell which her daughter, the Queen, used in 1953. When she left for New Zealand on the following day a large crowd at the airport joined in singing the traditional Fijian song of farewell, "Isa Lei." There

[Continued below, page 265]

Continued.) were blue skies and cheering crowds to welcome the Queen Mother when she arrived at Auckland on February 1 at the start of her fortnight's tour of New Zealand. At Whenuapai her Majesty was greeted by the Governor-General and Lady Cobham, and the Prime Minister, Mr. Nash, who recalled in his speech of welcome the happy memories New Zealand had of her visit



DURING THE CIVIC RECEPTION IN HAMILTON ON FEBRUARY 4: THE MAYOR OF HAMILTON CITY PRESENTING THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH A PAUA SHELL CASKET.

in 1927, when she was Duchess of York. On the following morning the Queen Mother attended Divine Service in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, and in the evening she dined by candlelight with Queen Salote of Tonga at Government House. After fulfilling engagements in Auckland on February 3, the Queen Mother flew to Kaitia and Hamilton on February 4.



SUNSET IN NEW YORK : A DRAMATIC SKYSCRAPER EYE VIEW
LOOKING DOWNTOWN ON MANHATTAN.

The glow of sunset reflected in the clouds across the Hudson River combines with the sparkling lights of downtown New York to create this superb impression of the New World's greatest city. Taken from high up in the R.K.O. Building, one of the skyscrapers in the Rockefeller Center, this photograph shows the drama of the close of a winter's day on busy Manhattan, dominated by the world's tallest building, the Empire State Building, on the left. Built between 1929 and 1931, the Empire State Building is 1472 ft. high to the top of the television tower, which was added in 1950. The main building has 86 floors and on top of this there is the 16-storey observation tower. Running down the centre of the photograph is spectacular Broadway, the hub of New York's world of entertainment, which, with its mammoth display of blazing lights, is said to be lighter at midnight than at midday.

From a colour photograph by C. H. M. Attwood, Esq.



FAILURE : AMERICAN HOPES GOING UP IN FLAMES AT THE UNSUCCESSFUL SATELLITE LAUNCHING IN FLORIDA ON DECEMBER 6.

As reported in our issue of December 14, the attempt to launch the first United States satellite ended in failure. The ill-fated launching took place at Cape Canaveral on December 6, while the first two Russian satellites were still successfully orbiting round the earth. Since the failure, a considerable blow to American prestige and a sharp spur to the anxiety already aroused by the Russian satellites, rocket tests at Cape Canaveral have been continuing.

The Budget which President Eisenhower recently presented to Congress provided for a large increase on defence expenditure, much of which was to be devoted to missile development. The American satellite weighed some 4 lb., the weight of *Sputnik II* being over 1000 lb., and was just over 6 ins. in diameter. At the time of writing, the second attempt to launch an American satellite was still awaited.



SUCCESS : A JUPITER MISSILE STREAKING UP INTO THE SKY AFTER A RECENT LAUNCHING AT CAPE CANAVERAL.

During tests which have been carried out recently at Cape Canaveral, a *Jupiter* intermediate-range missile was successfully fired on December 18. The *Jupiter* is said to have a range of about 1500 miles and is one of the missiles due to be deployed in Britain. In the test firing from Cape Canaveral the missile did not complete its full flight because of technical difficulties. It is believed that the United States Army is hoping to launch a satellite during

this year with a version of the *Jupiter*. The *Atlas* inter-continental ballistic missile, which is designed to have a range of 5000 miles, has been twice successfully launched during the recent tests, although two earlier test launchings resulted in failure. In the earlier of the two successful firings, the *Atlas* travelled 600 miles and landed within its target area. On Jan. 14, yet another large missile was launched at Cape Canaveral.



THE WIFE OF THE FIRST MOROCCAN AMBASSADOR IN LONDON :
PRINCESS FATIMA ZAHARA.

Princess Lal-la Fatima Zahara, the daughter of a former Sultan of Morocco, Moulay Abdel Aziz, who reigned from 1894 to 1908, was born in Tangier in 1926. She married, in 1946, Prince Moulay El Hassan Ben El Mehdi, Ambassador in London. In the photographs she is seen before attending a reception at Buckingham Palace in a traditional Moroccan costume. The belt, necklace and crown are of pure gold, and her costume is made from hand-embroidered silk. Princess Lal-la Fatima Zahara speaks a number of languages, and has travelled extensively in Europe. Her husband was previously Caliph of the former Spanish Zone of Morocco, and was appointed Ambassador in London shortly after Morocco gained full independence. He is a cousin of the reigning monarch, King Mohammed V. As mentioned in our issue of June 1 last year, Prince Moulay Hassan did not arrive in England until some months after his appointment; he presented his credentials to the Queen on May 30.



SEEN ACROSS THE ALGERIAN FRONTIER, MARKED BY THE LINE OF TREES: THE TUNISIAN VILLAGE OF SAKIET, WHICH WAS BOMBED BY FRENCH AIRCRAFT.



KEEPING A CLOSE WATCH ON ACTIVITIES IN SAKIET: TWO FRENCH SOLDIERS IN THEIR FRONTIER GUARD POST 400 YARDS FROM THE VILLAGE.

BOMBED BY FRENCH AIRCRAFT FROM ALGERIA: THE TUNISIAN FRONTIER VILLAGE OF SAKIET.

The raid carried out on February 8 by twenty-five French aircraft on the Tunisian frontier village of Sakiet came as the climax of many weeks of tension caused by French suspicions that the Algerian rebel forces were receiving assistance and supplies from Tunisia. The raid, in which seventy-five people, including women and children, were reported to have been killed, caused widespread anger in Tunisia. President Bourguiba summoned his Ambassador from Paris and demanded the evacuation of all French troops from Tunisian territory. The Tunisian authorities asserted that Red Cross lorries were shot at and that a school was among the buildings destroyed. The French, however, claimed that the raid was decided on as a sequel to a number of

incidents in which French military aircraft had been fired at by anti-aircraft batteries at Sakiet, and that only "military targets" were attacked. Sakiet has been a familiar name to the French public since the incident on January 11 when fifteen soldiers from the frontier post near there were killed in an ambush by Algerian rebels, who were said to have come into Algeria from Tunisia, and to have returned there with four French prisoners. A photograph of the funeral of the victims of this outrage is shown on page 257. These grievances on both sides have resulted in increasingly bad relations between France and Tunisia—a situation which has been greatly worsened by the French air raid. The incident caused grave concern throughout the world.

AT CRUFT'S RECORD SHOW: THE SUPREME CHAMPION; AND OTHERS.



THE BEST FOX TERRIER (SMOOTH): MR. C. H. BISHOP'S BITCH SOLUS MARILYN. BY CH. ROSEMORDER FIRE-ALARM—WRAYSDALE ENTERPRISE. BORN IN 1956.



RECOGNISED BY THE KENNEL CLUB AS A SEPARATE VARIETY LAST YEAR AND COMPETING AT CRUFT'S FOR THE FIRST TIME THIS YEAR: TOY POODLES SEEN AT OLYMPIA ON THE SECOND DAY.



THE BEST WHIPPET AND BEST HOUND IN THE SHOW: MRS. F. E. JONES' DOG ROB MAYWIN STARGAZER OF ALLWAYS. BORN IN MAY 1956; BRED BY MR. G. ROBBINS.



THE BEST WELSH CORGI (CARDIGAN): MISS S. H. GODDEN'S DOG, CH. KENTWOOD CYMRO, BORN IN SEPTEMBER 1955. BY CH. KENTWOOD DEWIN—CH. KENTWOOD CURIGWEN.



THE BEST LONG-HAIRED DACHSHUND: MRS. A. M. A. KIDNER'S DOG CH. TONY OF KITENORA. BORN IN SEPTEMBER 1952. BY CH. ROSTEAGUE ROLLO—CH. JULIETTA OF HILLTREES.



THE BEST BASSET HOUND: MRS. J. M. RAWLE'S BITCH CH. GRIMS GRACIOUS. BY CH. GRIMS WIDEAWAKE—GRIMS GARRULOUS. BORN IN JULY 1954.



THE BEST PUG: MRS. V. A. GRAHAM'S DOG EDENDERRY BARNEY CAMPBELL. BY LADSLOVE OF LONGLANDS—EDENDERRY MARY. BORN IN OCTOBER 1956.



THE BEST FRENCH BULLDOG: MRS. J. F. BARBER'S DOG BARDOLPH OF WENSLEIGH. BY CH. MOREBEES BIRMAND BENJAMIN—BIRMAND BELITA OF UDNEY.



THE PRESENTATION OF THE CRUFT'S CUP FOR THE BEST EXHIBIT IN THE SHOW: BARONESS BURTON HANDING THE TROPHY TO MR. W. PARKINSON, WHOSE WIFE'S POINTER, CH. CHIMING BELLS, WON THE AWARD.



THE BEST PEKINGESE AND BEST TOY DOG IN THE SHOW: MRS. R. JONES' DOG CH. KU CHIK KO OF LOOFOO. BORN IN APRIL 1956; BRED BY THE EXHIBITOR.



THE BEST BULLMASTIFF AND RESERVE BEST IN SHOW: MR. AND MRS. E. L. TERRY'S DOG CH. AMBASSADORSON OF BUTTNOAK. BORN IN JULY 1955. BY CH. AMBASSADOR OF BUTTNOAK—ANGELA OF BUTTNOAK.



THE BEST BULL TERRIER: MISS MONTAGUE JOHNSTONE'S AND MISS M. WILLIAMS' ROMANY ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW. BY ROMANY GOLDEN BOY—CH. ROMANY ROBINSONYA. BRED BY MR. AND MRS. J. H. ROBINSON.

CRUFT'S sixty-second Show, held at Olympia, London, on February 7 and 8, had a record entry of 6916 dogs of nearly 120 different breeds. This entry was an all-time world record. This year a fine five-year-old Pointer bitch, Ch. Chiming Bells, owned by Mrs. W. Parkinson, won the supreme award for the best exhibit in the Show. The Reserve Best in Show was a two-and-a-half-year-old Bullmastiff dog, Ch. Ambassadorson of Buttnoak, bred and owned by Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Terry, of Bewdley, Wores. On the first day the Hound Group winner was a whippet, Mrs. F. E. Jones' Robmaywin Stargazer

[Continued opposite.]

Continued.] of Allways. A Lakeland terrier, Mr. B. Ashton's dog Tiuebarn Highlight, was the winner in the Terrier Group. The Toy Dog Group winner was a Pekingese, Mrs. R. Jones' dog Ch. Ku Chik Ko of Loofoo. Cocker spaniels had the largest entry in the Show with a total of 776, followed by Miniature Poodles with 567 and Labrador Retrievers with 540. Toy Poodles, recognised as a separate variety by the Kennel Club last year, were competing at Cruft's for the first time and they had an entry of 184. They are 11 inches or less in height—at the shoulder.

A LANDMARK IN BRITISH ELECTIONS; AND NEWS FROM ENGLAND AND EGYPT.



THE REOPENING OF THE LONDON SESSIONS HOUSE: THE JACOBAN FIRE-PLACE, WHICH IS THE SHOW-PIECE OF THE JUSTICES' ROOM.

The London Sessions House, which suffered severe war damage, was reopened on February 7 after being restored and having added to it two new courts. The opening ceremony was performed by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Kilmuir. Temporary accommodation for the London Sessions has been provided in Marylebone Baths. A notable feature of historical interest in the Justices' Room is the Jacobean fire-place.

(Right.)

AFTER A SEVEN-YEAR MODERNISATION: H.M.S. VICTORIOUS, VIRTUALLY A NEW SHIP, MOVING OUT FROM PORTSMOUTH FOR THE BEGINNING OF HER SEA TRIALS, ON FEBRUARY 3.

H.M.S. *Victorious*, which was commissioned on January 14 after extensive modernisation, has been completely rebuilt above the hangar deck and her displacement has been increased from 22,600 tons to some 32,000 tons. She is now the world's most modern aircraft-carrier.



A LANDMARK IN ELECTION CAMPAIGNS: THE CANDIDATES FOR THE ROCSDALE BY-ELECTION BEFORE THE TELEVISION CAMERA: (L. TO R.) MR. PARKINSON (CONS.), MR. McCANN (SOC.) AND MR. L. KENNEDY (LIBERAL). For the first of the two television programmes (by I.T.V.) in the Rochdale by-election, the Town Hall at Rochdale was converted into a television studio for the three candidates to address a North of England public. The programme, which was considered a mild success, sets a precedent in British electioneering. It lasted half an hour on February 5.



AT THE REOPENED LONDON SESSIONS HOUSE WHERE WAR DAMAGE HAS NOW BEEN REPAIRED: A VIEW FROM THE GALLERY OF ONE OF THE COURT ROOMS.



EXPLORING THE POSSIBILITY OF THE YEMEN'S JOINING EGYPT AND SYRIA: THE CROWN PRINCE OF THE YEMEN IN CAIRO, WITH PRESIDENT NASSER OF EGYPT (LEFT).

On February 5 Crown Prince Saif al Badr of the Yemen, who is also the Yemeni Foreign Minister, arrived by air in Cairo for discussions as to the possibility of the Yemen's joining the new United Arab Republic of Egypt and Syria. Talks began on Feb. 6 and proceeded slowly.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

OUR FIVE NATIVE PRIMULAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.



ALTHOUGH we have only five truly wild species of primula in Britain—genuine British natives—five species and one natural hybrid, we are indeed fortunate in having five of such exceptional beauty. Need I name them? Perhaps not. But I will, if only for those who have not met the three which are relatively rare, or perhaps I should say of local occurrence, in certain districts in the north of Britain and East Anglia. First of all come the primrose (*Primula vulgaris* or *P. acaulis*) and the cowslip (*P. veris*), and these two stand high even among the most beautiful of all the great primula family, a family distinguished for its countless lovely species.

The primrose and the cowslip are both good garden plants, and easy to grow, though it is surprising how seldom one meets them in the average and ordinary conventional garden. I can not imagine anyone who would not be happy to gather a bunch of cowslips, but it is not everyone who can go out at cowslip time and gather a handful no more than a field or two away. Yet how easy it is to establish a little colony in the garden, where they will flourish, and produce those deliciously-scented flowers, with longer and better stems than are usual in the meadows. In addition to the normal golden-flowered cowslip, there is a strain with blossoms ranging through varying tones of copper and soft orange. In all other respects they are pure cowslip, even to the scent. For years I offered seeds of this strain in my nursery catalogue at Stevenage, and I presume they are still to be had. I feel very sure that these copper cowslips are not a hybrid race, but colour variants, selected from true pure cowslips, for, once upon a long time ago, I came upon one single specimen—in a whole field of normal cowslips—with flowers of pale tawny copper. It would have been from such a break from normality that the garden race of copper cowslips would have been derived. The solitary specimen which I found was growing in a Surrey meadow.

I can imagine that in many gardens, especially small gardens, it might be difficult to place plants of the common primrose so that the prevailing sophisticated plants did not make them look a little like someone who has strayed into a smart garden party, in garden clothes—old and well-loved ones; or conversely, so that the primroses did not make the prevailing party plants look slightly over-dressed. Nevertheless, I strongly recommend a few real common primroses, for two reasons. Firstly, as an example of decent floral modesty, a lesson in mild garden socialism. After all, the lovely, colourful, modern garden flowers are nothing, many of them, but a mob of bastards. Secondly, the common primrose, brought into the garden, has a trick of often producing flowers in mid-winter, when the wild ones in the woods are still fast asleep, and will be sleeping for many weeks to come. This year primroses were in flower in cottage gardens in this Cotswold village in the middle of January.

Closely akin to the cowslip and the primrose is the true or Bardfield oxlip (*Primula elatior*), which in Britain is found only in rather restricted areas in East Anglia. Superficially the true oxlip is like a taller cowslip, with heads of larger, paler flowers, and softly downy leaves. I have found it a first-rate garden plant, easy to grow either in rough grass, or in cultivated soil. This oxlip should

not be confused with the cowslip \times primrose oxlip which sometimes occurs as a natural hybrid, where cowslips are growing near the outskirts of a wood inhabited by primroses. There appears to have been much controversy among botanists, from Linnaeus downwards (bless their little cotton socks), as to the status and the naming of these oxlips. Personally, I am content to keep the ring and grow and enjoy the plants.

The Bird's-eye Primrose (*Primula farinosa*) is an enchanting little plant, but much rarer than the primrose and the cowslip. In Britain it is given

in "Bentham and Hooker" as "Not uncommon in Northern England—and more rare in Scotland." Personally, I would say that it grows in great abundance in certain restricted districts in Northern England. I have always found it curiously patchy in this matter. There will be extensive colonies of the plant, colonies running into thousands of specimens. Then the colony will end abruptly, and there may be no more for several or many miles.



"AN ENCHANTING LITTLE PLANT, BUT MUCH RARER THAN THE PRIMROSE AND THE COWSLIP": PRIMULA FARINOSA, THE BIRD'S-EYE PRIMROSE, WITH HEADS OF LILAC-PINK, GOLDEN-EYED FLOWERS.
Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.



"SELDOM, SURELY, CAN SO SMALL A PLANT HAVE BEEN SO HIGHLY HONOURED FOR SO SHORT A CAREER": PRIMULA SCOTICA ALBA, A.M.
Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.



"LIKE A TALLER COWSLIP, WITH HEADS OF LARGER, PALER FLOWERS, AND SOFTLY DOWNY LEAVES": THE BARDFIELD OXSLIP (PRIMULA ELATIOR).
Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

I have known it best in dampish, heathy meadows, and especially on grassy banks, in company with grass of Parnassus (*Parnassia palustris*), Butterwort (*Pinguicula vulgaris*) and Sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*). At flowering time the Bird's-eye Primrose consists of a rosette, an inch or two across, of grey-green leaves with erect 2- to 3-, or perhaps 4-in. stems carrying heads of lilac-pink, golden-eyed flowers. The undersides of the leaves, the flower stems, and the calices of the flowers are decorated with a coating of fine white meal. These dainty little plants sit about upon their chosen ground in the lightest possible way. They have a few rather thick roots which seem to take a somewhat precarious hold of the ground. In autumn the leaves disappear, and the plant becomes a sort of fat bud no larger than a small hazel nut, and these often lie about having lost all root anchorage for the time being.

In the garden the Bird's-eye Primrose is not difficult to grow—up to a point. The plants form themselves into small clumps of several individuals by means of offsets. But the plants need constant attention, especially in their leafless winter condition, and in spring the fat bud-roots usually need pressing back into the soil. It is, in fact, a plant for the keen amateur rock-gardener or Alpine-house cultivator with plenty of time, vigilance and skill at his disposal. I would say that *Primula farinosa* is not so much a difficult plant to grow as an easy one to lose. Perhaps the best place for it in the garden is in a specially prepared sink or stone trough garden. In the Alps *Primula farinosa* may often be found growing by the million, in company with *Gentiana verna* and a dozen other dwarf and brilliant delights. Pure white forms may occasionally be found, but though interesting they are not nearly so beautiful as the normal type.

In the extreme north of Scotland the tiny *Primula scotica* occurs, looking like a doll's house edition of *P. farinosa* with flower stems an inch or less high, and flowers of a much deeper tone than *farinosa*. It is a minute charmer, but I have found it difficult to keep for long in cultivation, though I have raised plants from seed, and flowered them for a year or two in a sink garden. Once, long years ago, I collected a few plants of *Primula scotica* in Sutherland. They were out of flower at the time, but the following spring when they flowered, one of them turned out to be a pure-white-flowered variety. I put it into a tiny thumb pot, and took it up to London to a R.H.S. show, and there, to my astonishment and amusement, it was given an Award of Merit. The absurd little thing was dead within a year. But it lives, immortally recorded with its A.M. somewhere in "The Index to the Journal and Proceedings of the Royal Horticultural Society." Seldom, surely, can so small a plant have been so highly honoured for so short a career in horticulture!

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**SOLD FOR THE RECORD SUM OF £20,000:
A MASTERPIECE OF AFRICAN SCULPTURE,
THE 16TH-CENTURY BENIN IVORY MASK.**

THIS remarkably fine Benin ivory mask has recently been sold to an American buyer for more than £20,000—which is far and away the greatest price ever paid for a West African antiquity. It is one of a pair taken when Benin was captured by a British punitive force in 1897 and the two were purchased in 1909 by Professor C. G. Seligman. One of the masks, which are very similar, was passed on by Professor Seligman to the British Museum, where it is one of the treasures of the King Edward VII Gallery. The other, the one shown on this page, has now been sold by his widow, Mrs. B. Z. Seligman, and the proceeds of the sale are being given by her to the Endowment Fund of the Royal Anthropological Institute (of which Professor Seligman was a Past President), conditional on an equivalent sum being raised by the Institute itself. The two masks were found by the 1897 Expedition in a chest in the bedchamber of the King of Benin and they seem certainly always to have been Royal property. They date from round about A.D. 1520, when Portuguese influence was

(Continued below.)



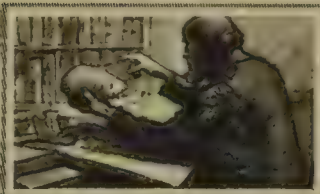
THE WEST AFRICAN ROYAL IVORY MASK FROM THE SELIGMAN COLLECTION, WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN SOLD FOR THE RECORD PRICE OF OVER £20,000: SEEN FROM THE FRONT (ABOVE) AND IN PROFILE (LEFT).

(Continued.)

at its height in Benin; and are associated with King Esigie and his son, King Orhogbua. The former of these two kings, a great warrior, sought the alliance of the Portuguese, and is believed to have had his son Orhogbua brought up as a Christian by the Portuguese. The mask we show is about 9½ ins. high and is carved from a single piece of African elephant ivory. Originally the forehead bars and the eyeballs (of which one remains) and the edge of the lower eyelids were of iron, while certain details of the tiara and collar are of copper or bronze strip. The tiara is made up of alternate mudfish and Portuguese heads (wearing hats) while the collar is of Portuguese alone. The mudfish was a Royal emblem in Benin, associated with the worship of the sea-god, Olokun. In the British Museum mask, the tiara is of Portuguese heads alone, while the collar is of a lace-like pattern; and the treatment of the face and its expression are very slightly different. There is, however, no doubt that they were by the same hand and formed a pair; and it has been suggested that they were worn by the King of Benin, the one as a breast-plate, the other as a back-plate. On Feb. 10 it was stated that the Seligman mask would be exhibited with its fellow in the British Museum for at least a week in the King Edward VII Gallery during the second half of February before being dispatched to its new owner in America.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



IT has long been believed that some birds and animals post sentries. Now, it is a little old-fashioned to speak in such terms since doubt has been cast on first one and then another of what were believed to be the best examples. In spite of this, a recent adventure makes me wonder whether the old-fashioned ideas may not have in them a little more substance than we think. It came about that we received a telephone call from Mrs. Wade, of Cobham, Surrey. She told us she was in the habit of

THE ROOKS' LOOK-OUT.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

One of them acts as look-out, and when it flies to the ground several others fly to the tree and wait. Then, perhaps, a second rook will fly down, and if there is no cause for alarm all will come down to the food. I must confess I was a little sceptical about this at first, but I was anxious to see the birds burying the surplus food, and, more particularly, digging up the food buried the day before.

It soon became clear that the rooks were not going to co-operate. Whether it was because I was a stranger, and the look-out could see me through the window, is difficult to say. It may, on the other hand, have been because of a line of washing hanging out in a nearby garden and flapping in the breeze. Birds are very easily scared by anything that flaps, and they are readily aware of

it waited and, as nothing happened to disturb it, it also turned round and started to feed. A third sparrow now flew down, then a fourth, and in no time there were more than a score on the ground. The sparrows had broken the ice, and very soon the starlings began to join them, first one, then another, then seven or eight more. Clearly, the birds were gaining courage.

While this crowd of small birds was busy feeding, the sentry rook flew down from the oak on to a small sapling on the other side of the fence. A second rook now flew into the oak and a third one suddenly appeared as if from nowhere and circled just over the first rook. It did not please the small birds to have this large black fellow circling overhead, and, all of a sudden, there was a whirring of wings and both sparrows and starlings took flight and flew back to their perches on the fence to the left. There they sat facing the food but not daring to come down.

The circling rook, and the one on the sapling, evidently made bold by seeing the sparrows and starlings feeding unharmed, now came down. But they were still uneasy, so I hid behind the curtains and watched through a chink between them. Once birds are suspicious that there is something unfamiliar about the scene it takes a lot to allay their fears. So it proved this day.

The two rooks walked about uneasily, pecking nervously now and then at the food. A magpie cautiously joined them and later a jackdaw, but the third rook stayed in the tree. It was almost as if he was now on the look-out, ready to give the alarm. Across the large garden we could see rooks occasionally flying up from their perches on roofs or trees, as if they, too, were taking stock of the situation before venturing to fly in. Evidently they also were uneasy, for they kept



A PORTRAIT OF A ROOK SHOWING ITS POWERFUL BEAK. ROOKS SPEND MUCH OF THEIR TIME DIGGING INTO THE EARTH FOR INSECT GRUBS.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

putting down food in the garden for the rooks, and suggested we might like to come over and see them.

One thing she told us excited our curiosity more particularly. She had noticed that the rooks bury any food left over, and they do this mainly in one place—that is, along the edge of the largest flower-bed in the centre of the lawn. What is more, the next time they come to feed they go first to this buried food and eat that, before starting on the new supply. It would not be possible to say, without knowing each bird by sight, whether each goes to its own cache, or whether all dig about until they find a piece of the buried food. To recognise each individual bird would be very difficult. They are completely wild, and wild rooks all look alike. The only way would be to catch each one in turn and put a coloured ring on its leg, with a different colour for each bird. Then, by watching what each did and keeping careful notes it would be possible to tell. However, this would be an impossible labour, and the mere fact that the food is buried and dug up again the next day is itself interesting enough.

Perhaps I should first set the scene as I saw it from a window at the back of the house, on the occasion of our visit. The garden is wide and about 30 yards deep. To the left is a fence with some shrubs and a flower border. From there a lawn stretches across to the right, with a group of flower-beds in the centre. The middle bed is the largest in the group. At the bottom of the garden is another fence, and beyond this a very large garden, most of which is covered with meadow grass, and just beyond the dividing fence is a large oak, at this time bare of leaves.

Mrs. Wade drew my attention to a solitary rook sitting in the oak. He was perched in such a way on a stout branch that it was difficult to see him. "That," she said, "is the sentry. As soon as I put the food down, one rook always comes and stations himself there. He waits for several minutes, as if making sure that the coast is clear. Sometimes he calls before flying down, at other times he may fly down to the food without calling." According to her account these rooks have something of a definite programme.



SHOWING THE THROAT-POUCH DISTENDED WITH FOOD: A CLOSE-UP PHOTOGRAPH OF A ROOK'S HEAD. A ROOK HABITUALLY HOLDS SURPLUS FOOD IN ITS POUCH AND MAY CACHE IT IN THE GROUND FOR LATER FEEDING.

anything strange in the neighbourhood, even a face at the window.

There was the food scattered on the ground and there was the rook look-out in the tree. Sparrows and starlings had also gathered for the feast, and they were perched along the fence to the left. Nothing happened for a while, then one sparrow flew down, landed, looked around quickly, snatched a piece of food and flew back to the fence. One thing I particularly noticed was that when this sparrow flew down, it twisted just before touching the ground, so that it landed facing the fence. It was thus in a favourable position to take off and fly back to the fence at the slightest alarm.

After this sparrow had hurriedly grabbed a crumb and flown back to the fence, a second flew down. This also landed facing the fence. Then

their distance. Meanwhile, the rooks on the lawn were still very disturbed. Sometimes one would fly back on to the fence or on to a sapling, then all would fly up. After a long pause, one rook would fly down again, walk about nervously for a while and then fly up. Occasionally, a sparrow or a starling, or maybe two or three of them, would come down to the food.

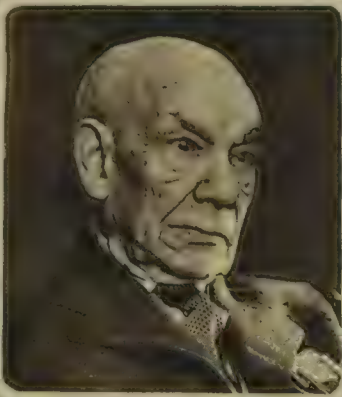
This went on for nearly an hour, after which we decided that for this day, at any rate, there was no hope of seeing them feed. So we left this pleasure for another occasion. The visit had not been wasted, however. So far as this observation is concerned, I can only say that one rook seemed to be acting the part of a look-out or sentry. He may not have been "posted," within the more deliberate meaning of that word, but, so far as one can judge from appearances, the upshot was the same as if he had been.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**THE CHAIRMAN OF CRUFT'S SHOW
DIES: MR. T. ROGER BOULTON.**

Mr. T. Roger Boulton, who became Chairman of Cruft's Show five years ago and who used to organise the earlier shows with Charles Cruft, died, aged 75, late on Feb. 7, after attending the opening of this year's Show earlier in the day. He was also Vice-Chairman of the Kennel Club, and was an all-round judge, and a specialist on bulldogs, which he used to breed.



**NOVELIST AND TRAVEL WRITER:
THE LATE MR. H. M. TOMLINSON.**

Mr. Henry Major Tomlinson, who died in London on February 5 at the age of 84, was best known for his books on ships and the sea, such as "Gallion's Reach." Brought up against the background of the London Docks, and an enthusiastic traveller, Tomlinson developed a fine prose style to chronicle his experiences.



**THE HUNGARIAN FOREIGN MINISTER
DIES: MR. IMRE HORVATH.**

Mr. Imre Horvath, who has been Hungarian Foreign Minister since summer 1956, except for a short while at the time of the Hungarian rising, when Mr. Nagy was Premier, died recently. He represented Hungary at the U.N., defending the Kadar régime, and had been Ambassador or Minister in Moscow, Washington, London and elsewhere. He was fifty-seven.



**THE AUTHOR OF "THE EGG AND I"
DIES: BETTY MACDONALD.**

Mrs. D. C. MacDonald, who wrote "The Egg and I," which was a best-seller in the United States, died aged 49 on February 7. "The Egg and I" gave an entertaining account of life on a chicken-farm in a remote region, where Mrs. MacDonald had lived with her first husband. She had written a number of other books.



**AN EMINENT AUTHOR: THE LATE
MR. CHARLES MORGAN.**

Mr. Charles Morgan, the successful novelist, dramatist and critic, died aged 64 on February 6. He was for many years principal dramatic critic of *The Times*. His two well-known works, "The Fountain" (a novel) and "The River Line" (a play), were based on his experiences in the two World Wars. He had been honoured by France and other countries.



**THE NEW CAMBODIAN AMBASSADOR, H.E. SAM SARY,
PHOTOGRAPHED WITH HIS WIFE.**

The new Cambodian Ambassador, H.E. Sam Sary arrived in London on Feb. 3 and was to present his credentials on Feb. 12. He has previously held office, during two separate periods, as Minister for Education and has also held the appointment of Minister for Economic Affairs.



**AT LAMBETH: THE FIRST DEGREES TO BE CONFERRED ON WOMEN BY AN
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.**

On Feb. 7 the Archbishop of Canterbury (above, left) conferred the degree of Master of Arts on the Rev. Mother Clare and Mrs. Betty Ridley (both seen above) at Lambeth Palace. Also in the group above is the Bishop of London. Although Archbishops of Canterbury have had the power to grant degrees for 500 years, these are the first to be conferred upon women.



**AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL IN LONDON: THE NEW BELGIAN
AMBASSADOR AND HIS WIFE.**

The new Belgian Ambassador, M. René Van Meerbeke, arrived in London by air with his wife on February 5. M. Meerbeke served in the First World War, and has spent most of his diplomatic career in South America. His last appointment in South America was Ambassador in Rio de Janeiro.

**(Right.)
A DOUBLE SKI-ING
VICTORY AT BAD
GASTEIN: MISS L.
WHEELER.**

Miss L. Wheeler, of Canada, won both the giant slalom and the downhill in the World Alpine Ski-ing Championships which ended at Bad Gastein, Austria, on Feb. 9. Canada took two of the eight titles, Austria four, and Norway and Switzerland one each. Tony Sailer (Austria) won the combined championship.



**(Left.)
WINNER OF THE
WOMEN'S SLALOM
CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS
I. BJOERNBAKKEN.**

Miss Inger Bjoernbakken, of Oslo, won the women's slalom title in the World Alpine Ski-ing Championships at Bad Gastein, Austria, on Feb. 3. Her aggregate time for two runs, each over 529 metres with a drop of 172 metres and including 48 gates, was 105.6 secs. Hers was the only title won by Norway.



**SEEN AT THE MANSION HOUSE IN HIS OFFICIAL UNIFORM: CAPTAIN G. M.
BENNETT, WHO WAS APPOINTED CITY MARSHAL ON FEBRUARY 1.**

Captain G. M. Bennett, D.S.C., R.N. (Ret.), who is 48, has had a distinguished naval career. From 1953-55 he was Naval Attaché in Moscow. He is also a prolific author, and has published twelve novels under the pseudonym of "Sealion."



**(Left.)
TO SUCCEED MR. GAR-
FIELD TODD IN
SOUTHERN RHODESIA:
SIR E. WHITEHEAD.**

Sir Edgar Whitehead, Minister of the Rhodesian Federation in Washington, was elected on Feb. 8 to succeed Mr. Garfield Todd as leader of the Southern Rhodesian division of the United Federal Party. It was expected Sir Edgar, who is not an M.P., would be elected Premier on his return to Southern Rhodesia.

**(Right.)
A HERO OF THE
MUNICH CRASH:
HARRY GREGG.**

Harry Gregg, the Manchester United and Ireland goalkeeper, played a notable part in the rescue operations after the crash at Munich on Feb. 6 of the airliner in which he and his team were returning from Belgrade. Having fought his way out of the wreckage, Gregg led those who went back in to save some of the injured.





IN the seventeenth century, the days of Elias Ashmole and of John Evelyn, a "Cabinet of Rarities" could well contain a stuffed unlikely fish, an exceptionally beautiful feather believed to be from an archangel's wing and an alleged Raphael, all three equally cherished as examples of the marvels of creation. As time went on and curiosities, whether natural or man-made, accumulated and knowledge gradually became systematised, natural history specimens were removed



AN IMPRESSIVE AMERICAN PINE CARVING OF ABOUT 1875: A ROOSTER IN THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN TRADITION, WHICH IS ILLUSTRATED IN THE CATALOGUE OF "THE ABBY ALDRICH ROCKEFELLER FOLK ART COLLECTION," PUBLISHED BY COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG AND DISTRIBUTED BY HUTCHINSON. (Height, 10½ ins.)

from the neighbourhood of things which had been fashioned by man—in other words, the pair of stuffed giraffes which used to stand at the head of the stairs of the British Museum migrated to South Kensington. Books, Manuscripts and Archaeology remained, and with them case after case of what were known as Ethnographical specimens—this and that produced by lesser breeds without the law, of no consequence compared with Greek marbles, but none the less of interest for the study of primitive customs.

The giraffes trekked south-westwards from Bloomsbury early in the 1880's, but it was many years yet before it was realised that ART (in capital letters) was not confined to the sculptures of the Parthenon, but was to be recognised in other lands and among less sophisticated peoples. It was only in the twentieth century that men began to realise what force and grandeur were to be found outside the familiar forms of classical antiquity, and I would be inclined to say that one of the pleasures of living during the past fifty years has been the continuous extension of our horizon in these matters. Mr. Henry Moore has recorded somewhere how, after the First World War, he was a constant visitor to the Museum and found inspiration in sculptures of which scarcely anyone at that time took account; to-day we take them for granted as evidence of the infinite variety of the human mind, and, here in "Art Treasures of the British Museum,"* is Mr. Geoffrey Grigson strolling around and choosing some 160 objects for illustration (beautiful photographs by Edwin Smith) of the most diverse kinds, from Greek vases to a Dance Mask from French Equatorial Africa, from an Egyptian bronze cat to a so-called "pew group" in Staffordshire pottery. Thus far have we travelled in time, appreciation and geography, since, by the Foundation Act of 1753, the vast accumulation of curiosities belonging to Sir Hans Sloane was acquired and, with the Cottonian and Harleian

* "Art Treasures of the British Museum"; chosen and introduced by Geoffrey Grigson and photographed by Edwin Smith. With 6 plates in colour and 153 photogravure plates. (Thames and Hudson; 3 gns.)

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

CABINETS OF RARITIES: THREE BOOKS REVIEWED.

manuscripts, filled the original Montague House, which, purchased and fitted up from the proceeds of a scandalously conducted lottery, opened its doors on January 15, 1759.

One of the colour-plates is of a Mexican mask in turquoise mosaic, an impressive and horrifying object to find within the same binding as the serene gods of classical Greece, and this leads me naturally to a fine volume, "Pre-Columbian Art,"† with 270 illustrations—the catalogue of a collection belonging to the American diplomat, Mr. Robert Woods Bliss, which has been on loan at the National Gallery of Art, Washington, since 1947.

It is a learned and finely-produced volume, with a wealth of colour, dealing with the various cultures in Central America before the Spanish Conquest. Mr. Bliss tells how, soon after reaching Paris in the spring of 1912, he was taken to a small shop in the Boulevard Raspail. He had just come from the Argentine Republic, where he had never seen anything like a group of pre-Columbian objects from Peru. "That day," he says, "the collector's microbe took root in—it must be confessed—very fertile soil. Thus, in 1912, were sown the seeds of an incurable malady." Before long "came the conviction that the sculpture, the goldsmiths' work, textiles and ceramics of the Western Hemisphere before the voyages of Columbus were often of great artistic value; and that they belong in Museums of Art

as well as in the crowded cases of archaeological artifacts or folk-art in museums of natural history." In short, Mr. Bliss discovered what Mr. Henry Moore and many others on this side of the Atlantic discovered at about the same time. And what immense quantities of these things have been lost for ever!

In his introduction Dr. S. K. Lothrop notes that when the loot of Mexico was sent to Spain by Cortes, the Spaniards melted down the gold and silver; for the most part they lost or discarded the textiles, feather-work, wood carvings and jades, with the result that no authenticated artifact from the loot of Central or South America is on record in Spain or elsewhere. Two out of three treasure ships dispatched by Cortes were captured by the French pirate, Jean Florin. Nothing, however, is known of the cargoes except that Montezuma's great pyramidal emerald was recut and became part of the French Crown jewels—and even that disappeared at the time of the French Revolution. Perhaps one exception at least can be made to the statement that nothing is known of the treasures which were sent to Europe by Cortes: this is the mask in the British Museum already referred to. According to Mr. Grigson, it was among the gifts made by Montezuma to Cortes for the Emperor Charles V. Probably it was handed over to Pope Leo X or Clement VII, both members of the Medici family, whose museum at Florence is said to have contained other things of the kind in the sixteenth century. Nor, we are told, can England claim to have shown overmuch interest, in spite of the

fact that the nucleus of the splendid British Museum collection is due to the purchases made by British travellers in Europe at the end of the eighteenth century. When, in the province of Chiriqui, in Panama, about a century ago, it was found that aboriginal graves sometimes contained gold objects, they were systematically looted; "during the 1860's the Bank of England melted Chiriqui jewellery to the value of £10,000 annually."

Many of us, while admiring the pottery, jades and sculptures of these various cultures, find them singularly gruesome because those with some religious or magical significance—and that is, the majority—seem to be derived from the most bloodthirsty beliefs; cruelty would appear to be just round the corner at every moment. But once you can nerve yourself to accept without a civilised shudder the revolting notion of an Aztec god dressed in a flayed human skin, and human features frozen into horror-struck immobility, there is no denying the power—the obsessive black magic, if you like—of these remarkable objects. The sculptured masks alone are sufficient to place their makers on a par with the sculptors of ancient Egypt.

Mrs. Abby Aldrich Rockefeller's Folk Art Collection, now housed at Colonial Williamsburg, is confined to early paintings, carvings, weather vanes, needlework, etc., produced by simple country people in America from the seventeenth century onwards. The catalogue‡ is a delightful compilation with 165 coloured illustrations of works by numerous itinerant professionals of the sign-painter type, by "Sunday painters" and charming amateurs whose intentions were invariably superior to their capacity, but who yet managed to imbue their productions with a naive sincerity which is sometimes moving. There are



A LATE CLASSIC MAYA LARGE POTTERY FIGURINE-WHISTLE FROM MEXICO: ONE OF THE FINE PIECES ILLUSTRATED IN "PRE-COLUMBIAN ART"—A CATALOGUE OF THE ROBERT WOODS BLISS COLLECTION PUBLISHED BY PHAIDON. (Height, 16½ ins.)

admirable weather vanes, ships' figure-heads and trade signs, and the book is filled with fascinating information about the way of life of ordinary people in Colonial and post-Revolution days.

† "Pre-Columbian Art"—a Catalogue of the Robert Woods Bliss Collection with text and critical analyses by S. K. Lothrop, W. F. Foshag and Joy Mahler. With 270 illustrations, many of them in colour. (Phaidon Press; 7 gns.)

‡ "The Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Collection"; a descriptive catalogue by Nina Fletcher Little. With 165 colour illustrations. (Published by Colonial Williamsburg and distributed by Hutchinson; 6 gns.)

PAINTINGS BY GWEN JOHN, MARQUET AND JUAN GRIS: AT THREE CURRENT LONDON EXHIBITIONS.



"PORTRAIT OF ARTHUR SYMONS," BY GWEN JOHN (1876-1939),
SISTER OF AUGUSTUS JOHN. (Black chalk: 9½ by 7½ ins.)

The Exhibition of Drawings, Water-colours and some Paintings by Gwen John continues at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142, New Bond Street, until March 8. This gifted artist, who was trained at the Slade School and at Whistler's School, in Paris, wrote of the need "to make something rare and delicate with our lives"—a sentiment which she more than fulfilled in her painting and drawing. In her work Gwen John combined great delicacy of line and colour with a deep feeling for her subjects.



"FEMME EN DEUIL": DRAWN BY GWEN JOHN IN MEUDON
CHURCH. (Pencil and
gouache: 8½ by 6½ ins.)



"SELF-PORTRAIT AT THE AGE OF ABOUT TWENTY YEARS":
IN THE GWEN JOHN EXHIBITION AT THE MATTHIESEN GALLERY.
(Pencil and wash on buff paper: 9½ by 8 ins.)



"EMBARCADERE A TRIEL," BY ALBERT MARQUET:
IN "THE RIVERS OF FRANCE" EXHIBITION AT THE
GALERIE PIERRE MONTAL. (Oil on canvas: 25½ by 32 ins.)



"PRAIRIE A MERICOURT": ANOTHER FINE RIVER SCENE
BY MARQUET (1875-1947). (Oil on canvas: 25½ by 32 ins.)
There are some seventy paintings on the theme of
"The Rivers of France" in the exhibition which
continues at the recently opened Galerie Pierre Montal,
14, South Molton Street, London, W.1, until February 22.
It is M. Montal's aim to introduce French painters to
London, and this exhibition includes works by Asselin,
Maurice Brianchon, Charles Camoin, Marquet and some
twenty-five other French artists.



"LES ŒUFS, 1912": THE EARLIEST WORK IN THE JUAN GRIS
EXHIBITION AT THE MARLBOROUGH GALLERY.

(Oil on canvas: 22½ by 15 ins.)



"PIERROT": PAINTED BY JUAN GRIS IN 1924, A PERIOD
WHEN HE WAS ENGAGED IN DESIGNS FOR BALLET.

(Oil on canvas: 16½ by 9½ ins.)



"LA TABLE DU MUSICIEN, 1914": AN IMPORTANT WORK IN
THE JUAN GRIS EXHIBITION, WHICH IS BEING HELD IN HONOUR
OF MONSIEUR DANIEL-HENRY KAHNWEILER, THE WELL-
KNOWN AND INFLUENTIAL FRENCH ART DEALER.

(Oil and papier collé on canvas: 32 by 23½ ins.)

The Spanish-born Juan Gris (1887-1927) was an outstanding figure in the development of Cubism. He was also one of the six artists—the others were Picasso, Braque, Léger, Derain and Vlaminck—whose work, from 1908 until the outbreak of war in 1914, was exclusive to the new Paris gallery opened in 1907 in the Rue Vignon by the German-born Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler. Thus it is fitting that the first major London exhibition of Gris' work, which continues at the Marlborough Gallery, 17-18, Old Bond Street, until March 22, should have been arranged in honour of the great French dealer, who to-day still plays a leading rôle in the art world of Paris. Some fifty paintings and drawings have been assembled to give a wide survey of Juan Gris' work and development.

A NEW MAYA CITY DISCOVERED IN BRITISH HONDURAS: FIRST EXCAVATIONS AT LAS CUEVAS AND AN UNDERGROUND NECROPOLIS REVEALED.

By ADRIAN DIGBY, Keeper of Ethnography, British Museum.

BRITISH HONDURAS is perhaps richer in archaeological remains than any other part of the Commonwealth. Many readers will remember, no doubt, the accounts of the great ceremonial centre at Lubaantun excavated by the British Museum between 1926 and 1929, for example. In recent years, however, little work has been done in this area except by American institutions.

In 1938, mahogany-cutters, employed by Señor Emilio Awe, of Cayo, stumbled upon a group of caves tucked away in the Chiquibul Forest, about twelve miles southward from the Macal River (Fig. 1). Mr. A. H. Anderson, the present Archaeological Commissioner, investigated the site but was unable to undertake any excavations at the time. Except for the occasional visits of foresters and *chicleros*, the site has been merely a name on the archaeological map until the beginning of 1957.

In February, the writer, with the encouragement of Sir Mortimer Wheeler, and at the expense of the British Museum and the British Academy, set out from Belize with Mr. Anderson on a joint



FIG. 1. A MAP OF BRITISH HONDURAS AND ITS IMMEDIATE NEIGHBOURS, TO SHOW THE LOCATION OF LAS CUEVAS, WHERE A HITHERTO UNKNOWN MAYA CITY HAS BEEN FOUND IN DEEP JUNGLE.

Land-Rover, with an Austin diesel truck lent to us by the Public Works Department to carry our stores and heavy equipment. From Cayo we made rapid progress southward over the Mountain Pine Ridge to Augustine, where we spent the night in the rest house. The next day after crossing the Macal by the ford at Guacamaillo, we found the going very heavy, taking three days to cover the ten miles to Millionario, and two more to the site. The old logging trail had only been used by mules for some time and was made soft and boggy by the recent heavy rain. Much time was spent in removing fallen trees and in cutting young saplings to make "corduroy" over the soft patches. More days were spent in building our camp, so we only had seven weeks left for our excavations.

All we could see at first were a pyramid and a low mound, completely overgrown with vegetation, and built beside the edge of a deep natural depression in the limestone about 260 ft. in diameter (Fig. 2). In one side of the cliff-like walls of the depression was the entrance to the cave. A preliminary examination by the light of hurricane-lamps showed this to go back about 400 yards, the inner chambers being separated from the outermost by a stone wall about a hundred yards from the entrance (Fig. 7). Everywhere beyond this wall the cave floor was covered with broken pieces of urns and bowls (Fig. 6).

The outer chamber had obviously housed a complicated series of buildings. Three small platforms raised on dry stone pedestals stood out in the semi-darkness like pulpits in a cathedral (Fig. 4). Traces of walls, and here and there patches of mortar flooring were visible among the masses of roughly-hewn building stones from the walls and boulders which had fallen from the roof, detached, no doubt, by some earthquake in the past. In front of this, the ground sloped steeply to a depth of about 20 ft. where a little stream emerged from the side of the cave to pick its way

between the stones and boulders of the cave floor and disappear down a hole on the other side of the cave. The cave was unlike anything either Mr. Anderson or the writer had ever heard of. Was it a dwelling-place or some kind of underground temple? Were the broken urns and bowls for burial or for storage? If they were storage jars, what did they contain? If they were burial urns, why did we see no human remains among the debris?

It was decided that Anderson should take two of the Indians to excavate the low mound above the cave, and clear the bush round about in the hope of uncovering further buildings, while the writer, with two more Indians, excavated one of the raised platforms inside the cave.

Anderson and his men, working with axe and machete, cleared a large area to the west and south of the depression (Fig. 2). So dense was the bush that one mound only three or four yards from the trail leading to the camp was not discovered for about three days. Altogether seven mounds or pyramids were discovered. Two long ones placed very close together may prove to be the sides of a ball court. The two tallest probably had temples on them, and two long ones may have supported the dwellings of the priests or rulers of the place. They found no inscribed stelæ, the date-markers which are so characteristic of most ceremonial centres in this area, but they did find three altars. These, however, were without carving or inscriptions. Another unusual feature was a pair of long low banks of stonework. At first they were believed to be causeways, but since they were on opposite sides of a flat open space, and they had been built with two levels, or steps, running along their whole length, the lowest nearest to the plaza, they may have been reviewing stands for people watching ceremonies on the plaza. The low mound which Anderson excavated was unusual, and its purpose is still open to question. On the flat top he found the pieces of a spiked vessel on a group of stones which had obviously been a hearth.

While this work was going on, the writer and the other Indians excavated one of the better preserved platforms in the cave. A trench up to it revealed a rough stone stairway (Fig. 8). The lime mortar floor was coated with a thin layer of grey ash, possibly from a cinerary urn. Cutting a section through the floor we found a layer of brown earth mixed with charcoal, and a layer of red clay going down to bed-rock was found. A number

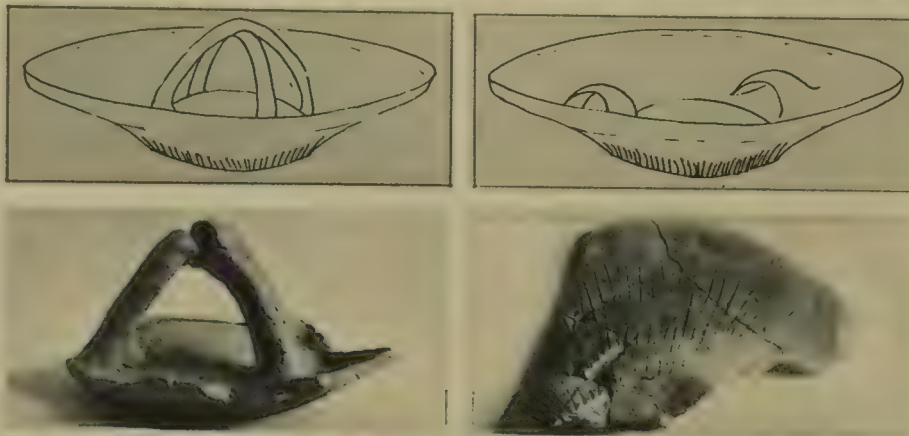


FIG. 3. AN ENIGMA OF LAS CUEVAS AND A SUGGESTED SOLUTION: A PHOTOGRAPH AND TWO DRAWINGS OF A CURIOUS TYPE OF HANDLED LID; AND THE SCORED UNDERSIDE OF ONE SUCH LID. Lids like these have been found in Guatemala associated with incense-burners; and it had been suggested that the incense was placed beneath the prongs and heated over a known type of three-pronged burner. On some of the scored undersides found at Las Cuevas, however, a coating of carbonised material was discovered. When some of this was heated in a flame, it gave off an aromatic odour. The suggestion is now made, therefore, that these lids were smeared on the underside with incense, heated and then used to seal funerary urns, the sticky incense acting perhaps both as a sealing material and a purifier.

of potsherds were found in all the layers but they were all of the coarse ware that the urns inside the cave were made from. A large test pit in front of the building showed the same sequence of layers as the building itself, but the mortar floor layer, which should have been level, sloped sharply away and was much decayed, suggesting a disturbance caused probably by a landslide. Under the layer of decayed floor we found a potstand, made from an old urn, full of bone ash. Immediately above the potstand were a number of sherds from a large urn, and some curious pieces from a lid (Fig. 3). They had obviously been broken by the landslide and the ashes in the urn must have fallen through, and lodged in the neck of the potstand. But for these curious circumstances we might never have known that we were dealing with a cremation.

Other sherds from the pit made it clear that the date of the site was at the end of the late classic period, when the traditional pattern of Classic Maya culture was breaking up, perhaps as the aftermath of a revolution. Particularly revealing were a number of sherds from a beautiful cylindrical ceremonial vase which had been burnt on the outside. It was as if somebody had used a piece of Sèvres porcelain to boil potatoes in. Other specimens strengthened the impression of extreme poverty of the people. There were none of the jades one usually associates with Maya sites. In their place were plain pendants made from bird bone or shell. One of the latter was ornamented by partly drilling holes in it to form a simple design. The only attempt at representational art was a grifo on a flat piece of stone of part of a fish. Domestic utensils included pestles, both of stone and earthenware, a rough grinding palette, a *metate* (grinding stone), a number of broken

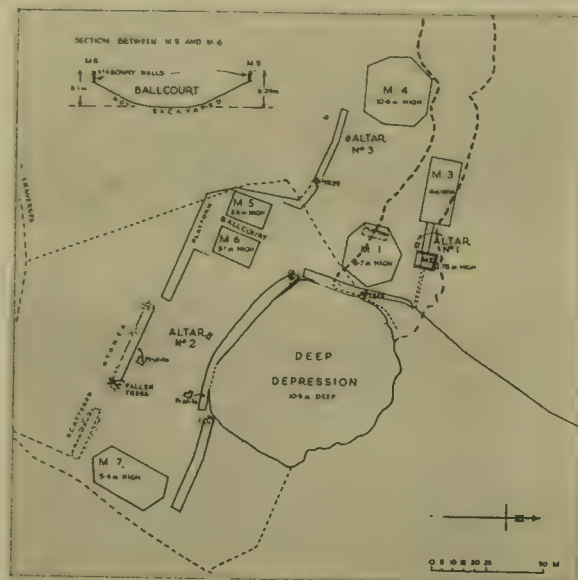


FIG. 2. A PLAN OF THE LAS CUEVAS SITE, SHOWING THE MOUNDS AND LONG CONSTRUCTIONS ON THE SURFACE, THE DEEP DEPRESSION, AND (STRETCHING FROM THE DEPRESSION TO THE TOP OF THE PLAN BETWEEN HEAVY DOTTED LINES) THE AREA OF THE FIRST HALF OF THE HUGE CAVE.

This plan has been redrawn from a sketch survey by Mr. A. H. Anderson, Archaeological Commissioner, British Honduras, and shows the locations and shapes of the mounds (M) and the long stepped constructions which may be either causeways or viewing stands for ceremonies. The whole area at present is one of deep jungle.

manos and hammer stones, a spindle whorl, a few bone awls and two bone needles. Other parts of the site, especially the long mounds above the cave, might very well give a different picture. It is hardly conceivable that the builders of the mounds and of the many buildings in the cave were lacking so in resources as the few specimens listed above would suggest.

The key to the problems of the site probably lies in the fragments of lid found above the potstand, and in similar fragments from other parts of the dig. Enough fragments were found to determine the shape of four lids of this type at least (Fig. 3). They had a domed central portion, from the circumference of which a wide flange rose steeply and then flared outward. They were from 15 to 18 ins. in diameter, and were equipped with handles of two kinds. Two at least had a pair of handles intersecting on the middle to form a cross. Others had two small lugs on opposite sides of the rim. The most interesting feature of these lids was the underside, which was deeply scored in a series of radiating lines. Other fragments had criss-cross lines. Obviously the purpose of these lines was not decorative, for they would not be seen on the underside of the lids. It must, therefore, have been functional. The most likely purpose was to "key" some substance to. Luckily, one sherd had a thick compact layer of partly carbonised material adhering to it. So far we have not been able to analyse this substance, but a small fragment heated in a Bunsen-burner flame gave off an aromatic odour. Some years ago Dr. de Borhegyi, of the University Museum at Norman, Oklahoma, showed that scored covers of a similar type were associated with so-called three-pronged incense burners from a number of sites in Guatemala. He regarded them as covers for the incense burners, and suggested that incense was burnt on the flat top of the burner between the prongs. The discoveries at Las Cuevas point strongly to the view that they were used as lids for urns. The two views are complimentary.

[Continued opposite.]

IN THE JUNGLES OF BRITISH HONDURAS: A MAYAN "DARK AGES" NECROPOLIS.



FIG. 4. APPARENTLY A MORTUARY CHAPEL AND CREMATORIUM OF THE LATE MAYA PERIOD: IN THE OUTER CAVE AT LAS CUEVAS, SHOWING SOME OF THE FUNERARY PLATFORMS.

Continued.

It is probable that the lids were first smeared with some aromatic adhesive substance, copal or pine resin perhaps, and when heated, transferred from the burner to the cinerary urns where they formed an aromatic seal. Was the cave then used as a mortuary chapel, and were the inner chambers a vast mausoleum where the cremated remains of countless Maya dead were deposited? The broken urns may be explained either by the possibility that the site was overcome by a band of enemies, or that some of the mahogany-cutters or *chicleros* who must have visited the cave since its discovery in 1938 may have smashed the urns in a misguided and mistaken belief that they contained gold. De Borhegyi holds the opinion that the three-pronged burners are part of a cult associated with a rain god, which goes back to a time long before the classic period, and which continued through that period as an "underground" movement. It may be significant that most of the sites where these incense burners have been found are in an area where the usual Maya inscriptions are not found. There were no inscriptions at Las Cuevas, although it is probably less than fifteen miles as the crow flies from Caracol, a huge site very rich in inscriptions. We could, of course, explain the absence of inscriptions by the relative smallness of the site, but that explanation is not conclusive. The three-pronged incense burners, or braziers, and the scored lids suggest a link with the Southern Maya in the highlands of Guatemala. Another link with the south can be seen in the pottery ornamented with rows of impressions from a stamp. Similarly ornamented pottery was found by Captain T. A. Joyce at Pusilha, in Southern British Honduras. Are we justified in believing as a working hypothesis that Las Cuevas was a northerly outlier of the rather different Maya culture of Southern Guatemala? If this were to be proved correct, it is a discovery of some importance, since no evidence of De Borhegyi's cult has been found

[Continued below, right.]

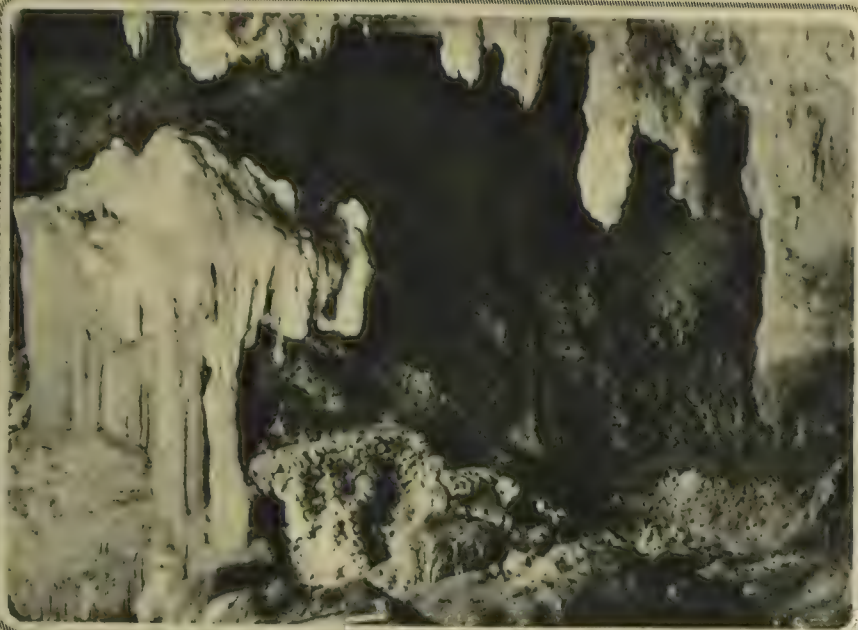


FIG. 5. LOOKING ACROSS THE WIDTH OF THE OUTER CAVE FROM THE PLATFORMS (FIG. 4) TO (CENTRE) A BUILT-UP PATH ON THE SIDE OF THE CAVE; AND (RIGHT) PART OF A RETAINING WALL BUILT ACROSS THE CAVE.



FIG. 6. A VAST UNDERGROUND NECROPOLIS, A CAVE STRETCHING BACK SOME 300 YARDS, ITS FLOOR ENTIRELY COVERED WITH THE SHERDS OF LARGE URNS AND BOWLS.

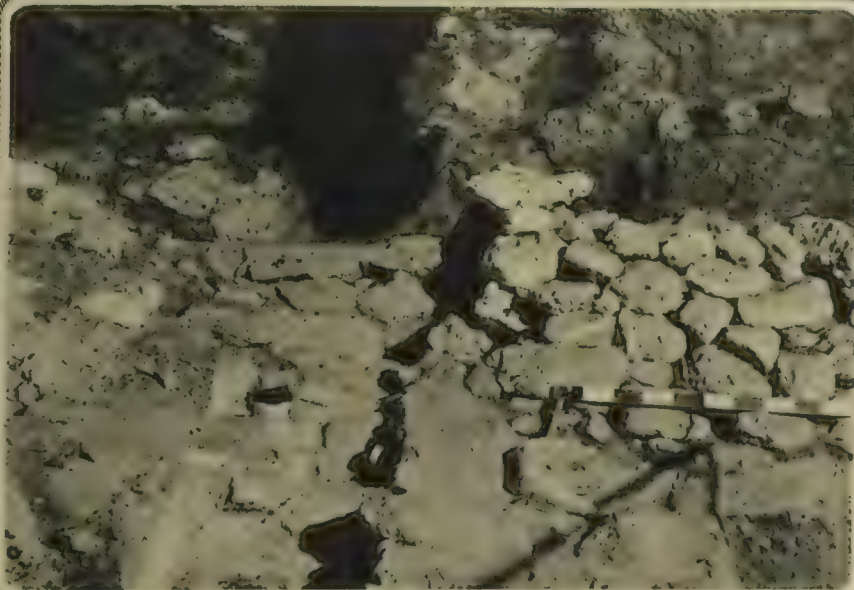


FIG. 8. THE SCENE OF UNKNOWN UNDERGROUND CEREMONIES OF THE MAYAS IN DECLINE: ONE OF THE PLATFORMS, EXCAVATED AND SHOWING A STAIR AND STONE PIER (RIGHT).

Continued.

up to now in the neighbouring Peten district. The association of the covers with incense burners and cinerary urns is important, too. It is well known that cremation was practised by the late Maya. If our interpretation of use of the covers is correct, and they were placed over the three-pronged braziers to heat a sealing compound for burial urns, cremation must have been practised by some groups, or for certain classes of the population from very early times, for De Borhegyi has shown that the braziers go back to pre-classic times—perhaps about 300 B.C. Whether this view is correct we can not say at present. Only time and further excavations will show.

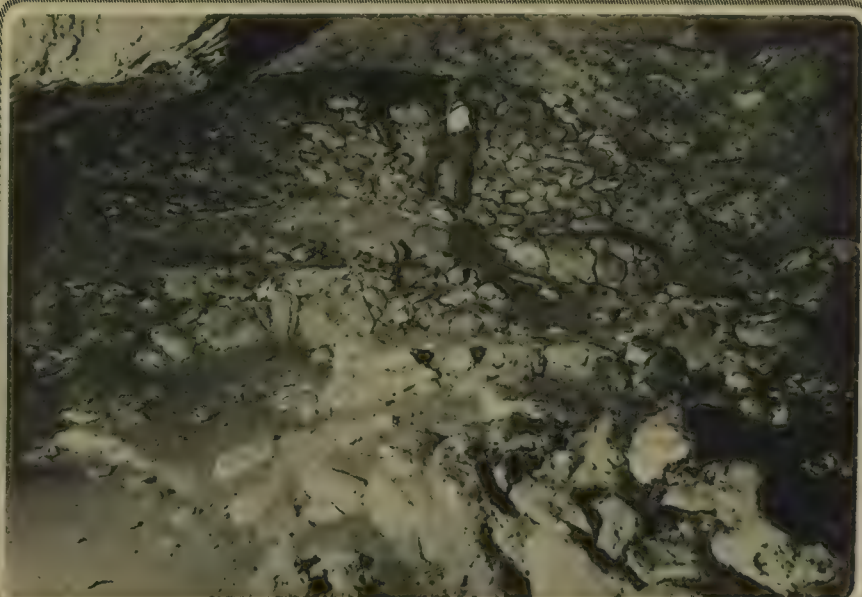


FIG. 7. THE WALL WHICH DIVIDED THE CAVE ABOUT 100 YARDS FROM THE ENTRANCE. BEHIND THIS LAY THE LARGE INNER CHAMBER, PART OF WHOSE FLOOR IS SHOWN IN FIG. 6.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

TEMPERATURES AND TEMPERAMENTS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I DOUBT whether the sun can ever enter that back-room of Harry Hope's, though Eugene O'Neill tells us once that there is sunlight in the narrow street outside, and that it is a hot summer day. We are to suppose that Hope's rooming-house, scene of "The Iceman Cometh," stood in New York during the year 1912: "a Raines-Law hotel of the period, a cheap ginmill of the five-cent whisky, last-resort variety, situated on the downtown West Side." The Arts Theatre programme does not fog us by going into the matter of the Raines Law. It seems that the renting of rooms on the upper floor would have made Hope's legally a hotel and allowed it the privilege of serving liquor in the back-room of the bar after closing hours, and on Sundays, provided a meal was served at the same time—something that never worried its proprietor.

This is side-tracking, but I overheard playgoers at the Arts première asking what kind of place Hope's bar really was. Nothing matters except the definition (the words are the sardonic Larry's): "It's the No Chance Saloon. It's Bedrock Bar, the End of the Line Café, the Bottom of the Sea Rathskeller." For me it must ever be sunless and dim in Hope's back-room—a sad twilight, a world of daze and dream. I am aware that these lost dreamers, back-room boys, the destitute at the end of their journey, never existed in fact, but, having met them at the Arts, they will remain for me, in a pocket of the imagination, as they sat when the play began: shadow-shapes that wake slowly to go through their shadow-charade, and then return to a death-in-life from which unwillingly they stirred.

I must admit that I had gone to the theatre remembering, without much pleasure, my reading

O'Neill sketched the derelicts in elaborate detail. I take one portrait at random:

Ed Mosher is going on sixty. He has a round kewpie's face—a kewpie who is an unshaven habitual drunkard. He looks like an enlarged, elderly, bald edition of the village fat boy—a sly fat boy, congenitally indolent, a practical joker, a born grafter and con merchant. But amusing and essentially harmless, even in his most enterprising days, because always too lazy to carry crookedness beyond petty swindling. The influence of his old circus career is apparent in his get-up. His worn clothes are flashy; he wears phony rings



"LET ME APPLAUD THE ACTING, WHICH I CAN DO WITHOUT RESERVE": "A TOUCH OF THE SUN" (SAVILLE), SHOWING A SCENE FROM N. C. HUNTER'S PLAY, WITH (L. TO R.) ROBERT LESTER (RONALD SQUIRE); MARY LESTER (DIANA WYNYARD) AND PHILIP LESTER (MICHAEL REDGRAVE).

and a heavy brass watchchain (not connected to a watch).

The Arts Theatre player (Anthony Jacobs) realises that exactly. But Ed is a relatively small part. Everyone in the assemblage of broken men is true to his author, and the result is touching and uncanny. The smallness of the stage seems to help. The people are thrust upon each other, and upon us, as we watch them roused reluctantly from their dreams at the call of a travelling salesman. Forsake that everlasting "to-morrow," he tells them; the day itself has dawned. It is futile; we can see, and they can see—broken soldiers, policeman, journalist, agitators, and the rest—that it is no act of charity to raise the dead.

Hickey, the salesman, proves to be the biggest pipe-dreamer of the lot, and the most tragic. I wish still that O'Neill had pruned away the verbiage of the fourth act in which Hickey confesses what he has done before the policemen lead him off into the dark, and the End of the Line Café falls again to its dreams. The passage would strain any actor's technique, though Ian Bannen's urgent, anguished glibness is right, and he is loyal to O'Neill throughout.

Everybody is loyal, from Jack MacGowran as the tetchy Hope (observe the name), as broken as the rest, to the one-time Anarchist editor. Most of the derelicts are there (in Kipling's phrase) "For things we never mention, for Art misunderstood." They people the kind of production that one expects from a club theatre and so rarely gets. Certainly the play will remain with me far more clearly than, say, "Mourning Becomes Electra" or "Desire Under the Elms."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"EPITAPH FOR GEORGE DILLON" (Royal Court).—Yvonne Mitchell appears in this play by John Osborne and Anthony Creighton. (February 11.)
 "MACBETH" (Birmingham Repertory).—Albert Finney, the twenty-one-year-old actor who was last year's Henry V, is playing Macbeth. (February 11.)
 "ROSELAND" (St. Martin's).—Frank Pettingell and Meriel Forbes in a play by Anthony Pelissier. (February 12.)
 "KEEP YOUR HAIR ON" (Apollo).—John Cranko musical comedy. (February 13.)

From the chill of Harry Hope's bar we moved to that sultry bed-sitting-room (in a great plantation house of the Mississippi Delta) that is the battlefield of "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." (The play, unlicensed by the Lord Chamberlain, is now presented under "club" conditions at the Comedy Theatre.) Tennessee Williams, in this mood, is a ferocious, all-in dramatist, never ceasing to batter at us; he has explained in advance that he is dealing with "human extremities of emotion." Here, too, the piece has in performance an intermittent quality that much of the text lacks.

I cannot agree with some of my colleagues that the playing does not match the play. One character is blurred; but, on the night, I was always held by the acting of Kim Stanley (the frustrated Maggie "the cat," clinging to her hot tin roof), Paul Massie—eloquent in his silences—as her husband in name only, and, especially, Leo McKern as the vulgarian father, the ridiculously-nicknamed Big Daddy (for the parodist, Tennessee Williams must be a target like the side of a house). Mr. McKern can develop a relentless force; he can square up to his dramatist, and I found him frightening at the moment when he received his cruel death sentence: no man, one felt, was more in love with life.

In "The Iceman Cometh" O'Neill is dispersing—though only transiently—the protective day-dreams of his failures. In "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" Tennessee Williams is peeling away emotional lies. It is a more savagely concentrated, a harsher, play than O'Neill's. Sex, drink, disease, avarice: everything is here, the dramatist "talking freely and intimately," and ferociously. It is now theatrically powerful, now tiresome, never profound. Peter Hall has staged it with atmospheric skill, and (on the evidence of the published texts) I am happier with the third act we have at the Comedy than with that played in New York when Big Daddy, it seems, reappeared to tell the "elephant story."



"FOR ME IT MUST EVER BE SUNLESS AND DIM IN HOPE'S BACK-ROOM—A SAD TWILIGHT, A WORLD OF DAZE AND DREAM": "THE ICEMAN COMETH" (ARTS), SHOWING A TENSE MOMENT FROM EUGENE O'NEILL'S PLAY, WITH (L. TO R.) ROCKY (LEE MONTAGUE); LARRY SLADE (PATRICK MAGEE); JOE MOTT (ROBERT ADAMS) AND CHUCK (MICHAEL BALFOUR).

After these two nights, N. C. Hunter's "A Touch of the Sun" (Saville) was curiously mild. As an admirer of "Waters of the Moon" and "A Day by the Sea" I find the new play something of a disappointment: beautifully acted, I agree, but less emotionally compelling than the others, more of a tale to be told. Let me applaud the acting, which I can do without reserve. Michael Redgrave knows just how to point the prickly, priggish schoolmaster, ill-paid, unwillingly envious, a flagging idealist, a domestic trial. Diana Wynyard as the weary wife, happy in her brief Riviera blossoming—the touch of the sun in the second act—and Ronald Squire as the old menace of a father who should certainly have gone to the Riviera as well are splendidly true. No dramatist of the time can have been better served than Mr. Hunter in his three principal plays: full sunlight indeed.



"IT IS NOW THEATRICALY POWERFUL, NOW TIRESOME, NEVER PROFOUND": "CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF" (COMEDY), SHOWING A DRAMATIC MOMENT FROM TENNESSEE WILLIAMS' PLAY WHEN BIG DADDY (LEO MCKERN—LEFT) PUTS HIS FOOT ON BRICK'S (PAUL MASSIE) CRUTCH.

of the play years before. It had seemed to me a very long evening in which the dramatist, like Carroll's Bellman, said everything three times. But I had not visualised it clearly. In performance the intensity was surprising, though even then I was less excited than, in recollection, I am now. "The Iceman Cometh" has a delayed action. Its length—though an hour could be cut with ease—does not distress me: the repetition has indeed the effect of branding these people on the memory. What I find now, after a week has passed, is that I am seeing the people more clearly than upon the night, that they have grown into the imagination, and that to re-read the play, thinking in terms of Peter Wood's production, is to be brought astonishingly close to the derelicts of that Bedrock Bar. "It's the last harbour," says Larry. "No one has to worry about where they are going next, because there is no farther they can go. It's a great comfort to them."

(Above.)
DURING HER TRIALS IN THE FIRTH OF
CLYDE AT THE END OF JANUARY: THE
M.V. WEYBRIDGE, A MOTOR-CARGO SHIP
OF REVOLUTIONARY DESIGN.

A NEW cargo ship, which has
been described as being
"far in advance of her time,"
ran her trials successfully in the
Firth of Clyde at the end of
January. This vessel, the m.v.
Weybridge, of 10,500 tons, was
built by Barclay, Curle and Co.,
Ltd., for the Britain Steamship
Co. Her overall length is 487 ft.
and the accommodation provides
a single cabin for each of her
complement of fifty. There are
spacious recreation rooms, an
up-to-date dining saloon and a
crew's cafeteria, and laundries
and drying rooms. The ship is
air-conditioned and there is a
permanent open-air swimming-
pool. According to a report
by the shipping correspondent
of *The Times*, the hull design

[Continued opposite.]



[Continued.]
incorporates some of the novel
ideas of the owners' Chairman,
Mr. Edmund Watts, "who has
for many years sought to incor-
porate into his ships ideas gleaned
from observing fish." Mr. Watts
says that the *Weybridge* has the
shoulders of a salmon and the
tail fins of a blue tunny: the
latter, he says, gives the ship
another half-knot of speed, and
the former improves her sea-
keeping qualities in heavy
weather. The main engine is a
single-screw airless injection
opposed piston Barclay Curle Dox-
ford built at North British Engine
Works, Whiteinch, Glasgow. The
engine is arranged to burn heavy
oil fuel and fuel purifying equip-
ment is fitted in a special com-
partment in the engine room.

(Left.)
INCORPORATING IN HER HULL DESIGN
"THE SHOULDERS OF A SALMON AND
THE TAIL FINNS OF A BLUE TUNNY": THE
M.V. WEYBRIDGE.



DESIGNED TO MAINTAIN THE OWNERS' TRADITION OF PROVIDING EVERY POSSIBLE
COMFORT FOR THE SHIP'S PERSONNEL: THE THIRD ENGINEER'S CABIN.



ONE OF THE PUBLIC ROOMS: THE CREW'S RECREATION ROOM. ONE OF THE MANY ATTRACTIVE
FEATURES OF THE
VESSEL IS A PERMA-
NENT OPEN-AIR
SWIMMING-POOL.



ADJACENT TO THE GALLEY: THE CREW'S CAFETERIA, WHICH HAS BEEN DESIGNED ON THE MOST UP-TO-
DATE PRINCIPLES. THE WALLS ARE COVERED IN PLASTIC.



A USEFUL INNOVATION: A COMBINED BED, SETTEE AND CHEST OF DRAWERS
UNIT. THE SETTEE SPEEDILY CONVERTS INTO A READY-MADE-UP BED.

NOW THE TRAMP IS A LADY: A NEW AND REMARKABLE CARGO SHIP—THE WEYBRIDGE.

THE OWL AND THE MOCKING-BIRDS: HOOT SUFFERS FLANK ATTACKS.



TETHERED TO A PERCH IN THE GROUNDS OF HIS OWNER'S HOME IN CINCINNATI, OHIO: HOOT, A GREAT HORNED OWL, IS ATTACKED BY A MOCKING-BIRD.



"DIVE-BOMBING" POOR HOOT: ONE OF THE TWO MOCKING-BIRD ATTACKERS CLOSES IN, WITH WINGS SPREAD, ON THE CONFUSED OWL.



"WHEN HE TURNED TO WATCH THE FLIGHT OF THE FIRST BIRD THE OTHER WOULD COME IN": HOOT TRYING TO DEAL WITH HIS ATTACKERS.



NOW AN ATTACK FROM THE REAR: HOOT PREPARING TO STRIKE OUT AT THE APPROACHING MOCKING-BIRD WITH HIS BEAK.



SNEAKING IN FROM BEHIND: ONE OF THE MOCKING-BIRDS COMES IN TO THE ATTACK WHILE THE OWL IS STILL FOLLOWING THE FLIGHT OF THE OTHER BIRD.



BEFORE HOOT HAD TIME TO TURN ROUND: THE SECOND MOCKING-BIRD LANDS ON THE OWL'S BACK AND TWEAKS HIS FEATHERS.

Hoot, a great horned owl, was reared from a fledgling by Mr. Ronald Austing, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who has sent us these photographs. For the first year of his life Hoot was allowed to fly at liberty, but after that, for his own protection, he was confined to a large cage. The owl is now, however, allowed out for a day or two every few weeks. Mr. Austing writes: "When I released him for a while last summer, a pair of mocking-birds (who had a nest and young in the bushes nearby) immediately began to attack him. Although incapable of inflicting injury, they annoyed him by striking him with their bodies and pulling at his feathers." Mr. Austing made several unsuccessful

attempts to photograph the attacks, and finally tethered the owl to a perch for a short time. "Both mocking-birds participated in the attacks, but only one at a time. They would station themselves one on each side of the owl, perhaps 30 ft. from him. When Hoot was looking at one the other would quickly sneak in from behind. . . . When he turned to follow the flight of the first bird, the other would come in from the other side and hit him." Neither of the mocking-birds would start to attack the owl until he had turned his head away from them. On the few occasions when Hoot saw them they were able to check their speed and change course abruptly.



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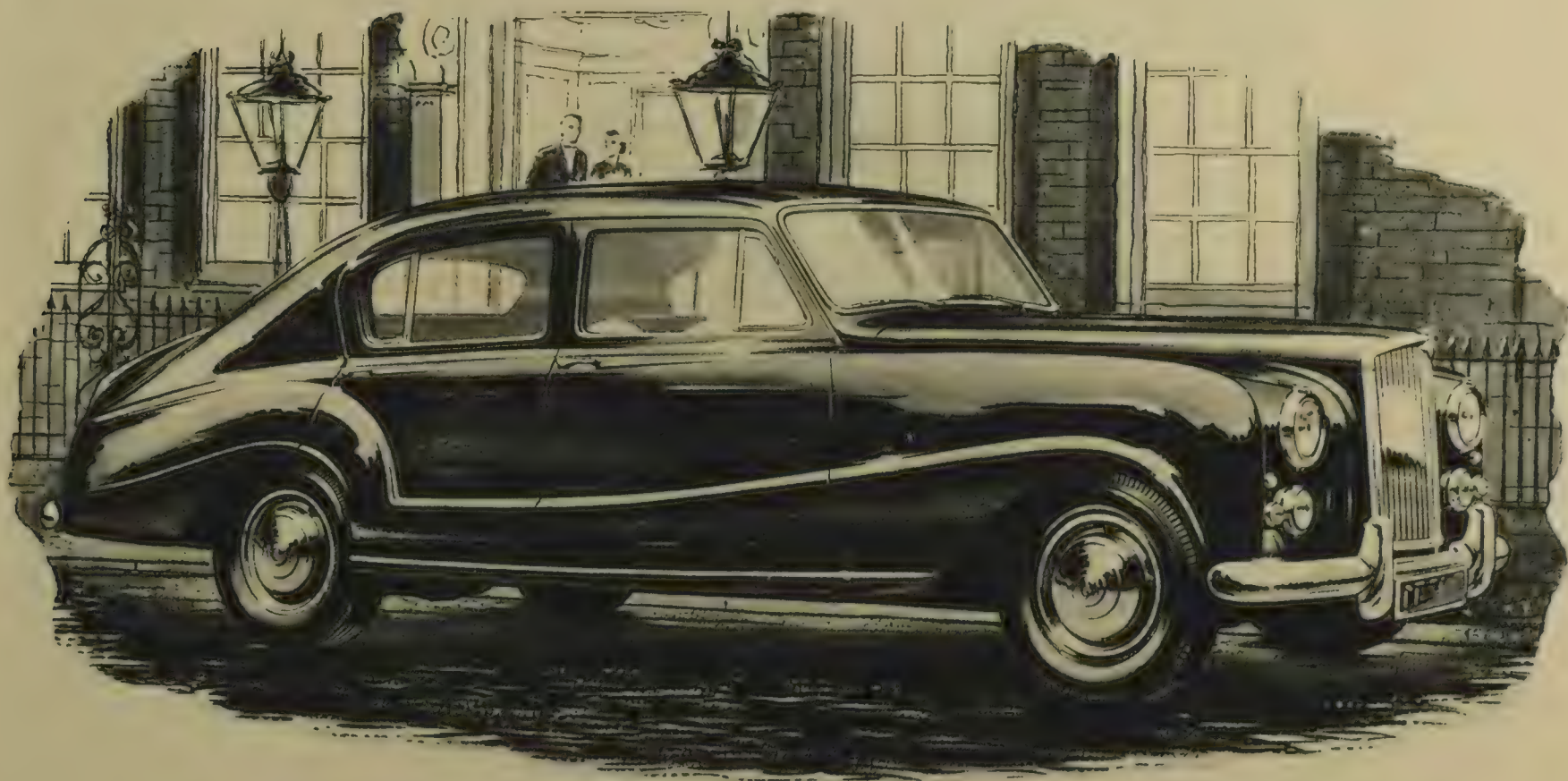
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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE CHOICE OF THE WEEK.

ANY writer must find it galling to have an early book—always the same book—everlastingly singled out, in the teeth of what he regards as progress. However, it is a very common affliction. For John P. Marquand, this sore success is "The Late George Apley" (Collins; 16s.)—of which "a very prominent elderly Bostonian" said to him last year: "You have been writing for a long time, Marquand, but nothing you have ever done has quite come up to your first novel, 'Sorrrell and Son.'" Mr. Marquand naturally thinks that he has done better. As we are now to have a refresher course in all his "big" books, there is no hurry about disagreeing with him; and yet I fear it may come to that. "George Apley" has not only an unrepeatable, fluid charm, but, as he says in his preface, a unique vehicle. It purports to be the "remains" of a Bostonian V.I.P.—letters and the like, with a connecting thread of biography by a kindred spirit. This form of art is not peculiar to Boston, and we all know the kind of thing; but it was Mr. Marquand who thought of adapting it as a take-off. And he had struck oil. The basic merit of the device is to exempt him from stodginess, and eliminate all kinds of *scène à faire*. Anything can be exploited; anything can be skipped. And the right to skip has become a greater blessing as fiction multiplies. Thank heaven, we don't have to go through with George's struggle over the Irish girl, or behind the scenes of his correct marriage. We know Mrs. George Apley for a Bosworth and *maitresse femme*—but we never meet her. Even the characters can be skipped, since George's friend and editor Mr. Willing has not much grasp of them, and wouldn't split if he had. Yet whenever any of them put pen to paper—Uncle Horatio is the best instance—they come alive.

And, of course, Mr. Willing is alive all the time. He is invaluable to the set-up, giving it two layers, and lending distinction to the rather pompous and hidebound hero by being far worse. Moreover, he tells us all we could wish of the higher life. Beacon Street regards itself as Athenian, and is certainly soaked in "culture"—but Horatio Willing is its man of letters. And, then, he provides a lot of farce: not all of it, for Mr. Apley can be funny. Yet from the first he is such a pathetic sacrifice, and such a good chap, that one can hardly credit the design of tearing him limb from limb; if the author started out with that purpose, it soon got lost. For this edition he would have liked to tone down the "slapstick," but there was luckily an impediment.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Keys of St. Peter," by Roger Peyrefitte (Secker and Warburg; 18s.), is 99, or perhaps 98 per cent., malicious gossip, and the rest hedging. Gossip about Vatican society, and about the freaks, customs and machinery of the Roman faith. Young Victor Mas has been wafted from his French seminary to the palace of a cardinal—a spiritual and worldly grandee, with a naive elderly chaplain who has a niece. The cardinal sees through everything; the chaplain gulps everything; the niece is out for "experience." And what with his patron's confidential harangues, the chaplain's indulgence-mania, Paola's embraces, and a lot of pious rubber-necking in his spare time, our ecclesiastical Candide gets very well educated. Only to renounce all for his vocation. . . . But the tale is hardly even a pretext for an interminable medley of inside dope, on everything from finance, foreign policy and the creation of saints to personal oddities and scandal, theological hair-splitting, and relics. It is a best-seller in Europe, and has been called "truly scandalous and outrageous," and "devastatingly witty." For my part, I was very quickly bored stiff; but it *would* be funny, if it didn't go on and on.

"The Month of September," by Frédéric Hébrard (John Murray; 10s. 6d.), is also French: a slight story, with an upper-bohemian setting and attractive cast. The narrator paints. She loves her husband, a writer. They have a small child, a converted mill and a dog. Then comes Sandra Tiepola. This young, radiant fisher-girl, the new star, has published the story of her life, and François has been translating it. His affection strays; but nothing is said. The wife swallows her panic, and makes a point of being very friendly to her young rival. And the threat blows over, without a word said from first to last. Yes, very slight; but very civilised and appealing.

"The Case of the Musical Cow," by Erle Stanley Gardner (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), lacks a Perry Mason; it was designed to rebunk the Police Force, and gives the *beau rôle* to a Forensic Medicine pundit, inspired by life. Otherwise it is just a violent thriller, very ineptly named. Though to be sure it opens in Switzerland, where Rob Trenton and the fair, mysterious Linda Carroll are rather forcibly joined by one Merton Ostrander. Then they all return to America, meeting the forensic Dixon on shipboard. Linda has lent Rob her car; and while driving home he accidentally finds a cache of dope in it. For her sake, he decides to inter the dope and track down the criminals, thus getting himself kidnapped and framed for murder. But Dr. Dixon comes to the rescue. . . . Not good, as the author goes.—K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM THE EDWARDIAN ERA TO PRINCE PHILIP'S SPEECHES.

IT seems to me to be axiomatic that if an author has what parliamentarians would call an "interest," he is bound to declare it. If your name happens to be Einstein or Father Trevor Huddleston, that is probably a sufficient advertisement; no one will expect you to be writing about pop music or the life-history of the newt. But if you are not quite so universally well-known as these two specialists, and the theme of your book is "loaded," or "engaged," or whatever the latest idiom may be, then it is surely disingenuous to conceal this fact from your reader, and let him infer it if he can. These reflections have been prompted by the late W. S. Adams's "Edwardian Portraits" (Secker and Warburg; 25s.), which includes studies of King Edward VII,

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, Lord Baden-Powell, Lord Leverhulme and E. D. Morel. There are also two opening chapters, one of boyhood reminiscence and another defining what the author regards as the Edwardian age. He would extend the latter to cover the period between the mid-1870's and the 1920's, and gives some fairly sound reasons for his choice. But his views, which appear to be those of a Radical-Socialist with a strong concern for underprivileged races and classes, are never explicitly stated. This seems to me to be a grave omission, for it is upon those views that these "Portraits" are based. In fact, I cannot regard them as "Portraits" at all. It is legitimate, no doubt, to point out that Edward VII "democratised the monarchy," but to stress this at the expense of every other trait which that versatile sovereign displayed does not add up to what I mean by a portrait. It is as if a painter were to be so engrossed by the Order of the Garter that he portrayed Edward VII attired exclusively in that decoration. And so with the rest. W. S. Blunt was, to my mind, a man of some generous impulses, but messy and muddled both in his thinking and in his private life, who wrote atrociously bad verses. But this will not do for Mr. Adams, who approves Mr. Blunt's interest in various peoples whom he regarded as oppressed, and allows this fact to subvert his judgment to the point where he can describe his poetry as "unique" and as a "notable contribution to English literature." Morel is also praised, and for much the same reasons, with the addition that he worked hard to salvage the abortive Anglo-Soviet Treaty of 1924. I feel sure that there was much to praise in Morel—his honesty, sincerity and courage—but to Mr. Adams it seems to be the cause, and not the man, that counts. Again, in Lord Baden-Powell Mr. Adams scents an acceptance of class distinctions and the colour bar—so we are treated to animadversions on his "bias and distortion of vision." All this seems to me to be of the first importance as a matter of principle, because there may well be readers who will take this book at its face value, and read these essays as though they were in fact portraits. I can only hope that the title was selected without the knowledge or approval of the late author.

There are other and more attractive ways of writing history—none perhaps more attractive than the reconstruction of the life, as it were, of an old English manor house. In "Hellens" (Duckworth; 15s.), Mr. Malcolm Munthe tells "the story of a Herefordshire manor." He is a worthy heir of his father's talents, though I could trace little family resemblance of style with "The Story of San Michele." Hellens was founded by monks in the eleventh century; in the twentieth, it suffered severe damage by bombing. But a great deal happened in between, especially in the fourteenth century after Walter de Balun had married Yseult of Mortimer, and the family later took its full share in the turbulent events of the Tudor and Stuart periods. Here is a book which should be universally popular.

Being old enough to remember the Thomas Tilling double-decker motor omnibuses of the 1920's, I enjoyed "Kings of the Highway" (Hutchinson; 18s.), by John Tilling, the grandson of the man who founded that enterprising firm. They began, of course, with horses. Richard Tilling's diary contains such entries as "1902. The Coronation of King Edward VII. Never have we been so busy or our resources so tightly stretched. . . . We were involved in heavy losses when the Coronation was postponed owing to the King's serious illness. There seemed to be more weddings than ever." But in 1933 the Transport Board swallowed firms such as the

Tillings' into its ugly red maw, and the indigestible meal was completed in 1947. Mr. Tilling writes of these events with much more resignation than I would have been able to compass.

It is out of no sentiment of disloyalty that I leave to the last "Selected Speeches, 1948-1955" (Oxford; 12s. 6d.), by H.R.H. the Prince Philip. How well worth while it has been to republish them! "As you know, Gentlemen," said the Prince to the Speculative Society of Edinburgh in 1954, "I am by profession a sailor, and in my Service the ability to give clear orders is valued more highly than skill in oratory." This is typical of a directness of approach which has charmed many different types of audiences. Banality will never mar the speeches of a Royal consort who can open his remarks as follows: "Thanks to a diligent grandmother, I have quite a working knowledge of the Museums of London!" E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

AT the Gambit Chess Rooms, now, alas, closed down—in fact demolished—after being for some sixty years a Bohemian haunt of chess players in the City of London, every chess player of note who visited London has been seen. I think at least five world champions gave simultaneous displays there: Lasker, Capablanca, Alekhine, Euwe and Botvinnik.

The greatest single occasion at the Gambit was undoubtedly its acting as the British end of the 1946 match by radio between Great Britain and U.S.S.R. It was far from a perfect setting in all material respects, in fact it was packed to suffocation, players and technical staff being crammed together, with spectators and pressmen milling around, on two terribly hot days in July. In these conditions our players had to withstand the chess might of Russia—whose players were allocated quarters resembling a palace: some of our people laughed rather hollowly when they saw the photographs flown in, a few days later, from Moscow. One member of the Soviet team, I recall, could be seen receiving a vitamin tablet from one of the group of medical trainers allocated to their team!

It should be pointed out that the match was a test of endurance as well as skill, since a game which would normally take five or six hours might be spun out, through delays in transmission and decoding, to nine or ten.

But if our premises were unsuitable on the material side, they were ideal on the spiritual; the whole atmosphere of the place was steeped in chess and there was not one of us who had not, at some time or another, spent delightful hours there.

Alexander covered himself with glory by beating Botvinnik. I can see him now, as his win became more and more certain, with a beatific smile on his face which elementary courtesy would certainly have barred—had Botvinnik been there in the flesh. Gerald Abrahams, next to me, kept up a non-stop commentary on his games throughout the whole of the two days which I found rather soothing; he took a win and a draw out of Ragozin despite a peculiar incident which never got into the news, of which Gerald's complaining version was "They've done a j'adoubé on me, Baruch, old boy, they've done a j'adoubé on me."

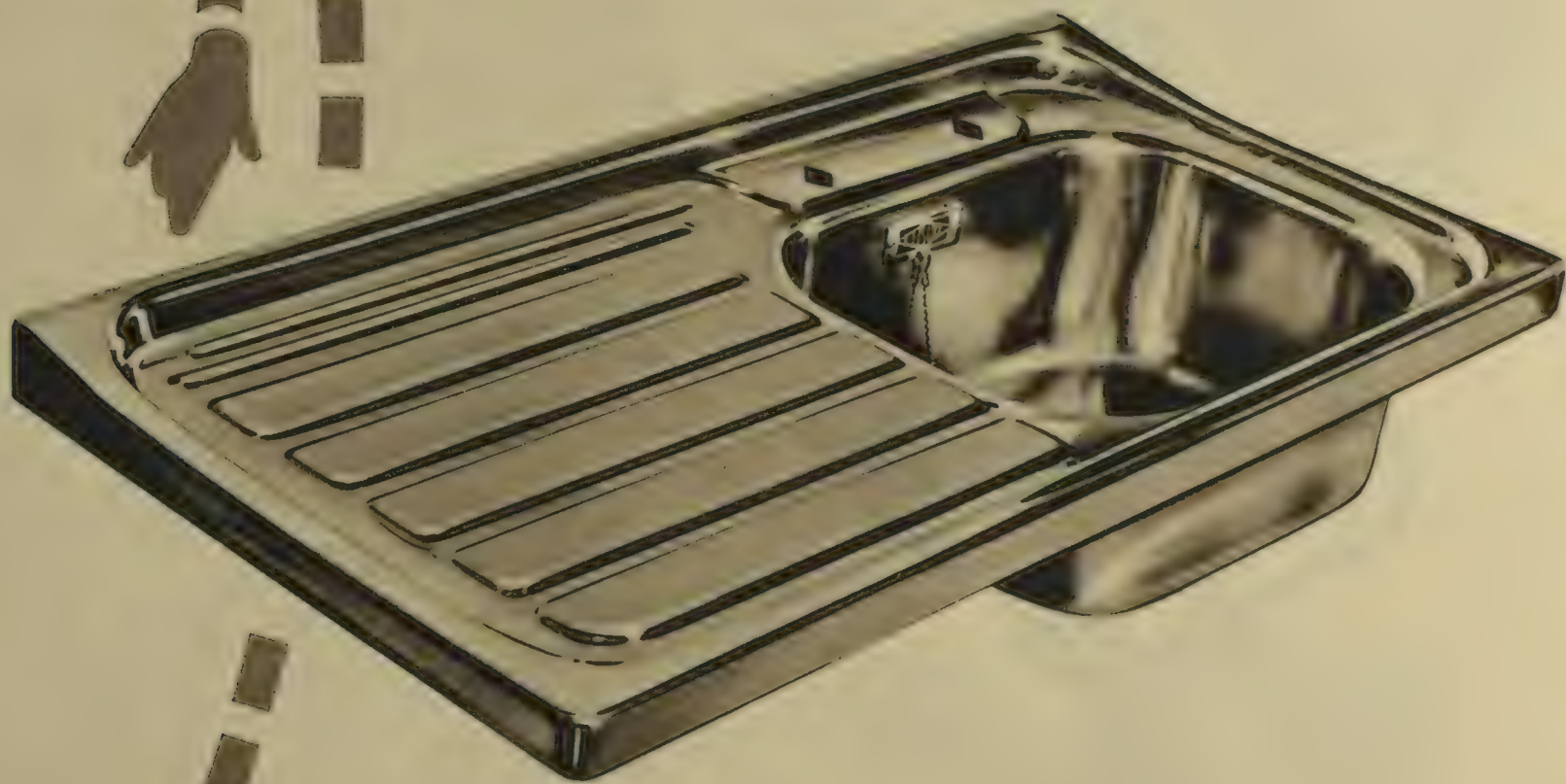
I think I played above myself to snatch a draw against Lilienthal, and, indeed, in losing by a smaller margin than had separated the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. in a similar match a few weeks before, the whole team achieved a most satisfactory showing.

I recall Wynford Vaughan Thomas's exuberance over a joint broadcast the day after. "This is the first time we've had any real co-operation from the Russians since the war!" he exclaimed. Alexander and I appeared on T.V., which was young in those days; and another quaint memory was sweet Yvonne Arnaud flitting past and popping a strawberry in my mouth as I was being grease-painted. Another was chatting at Alexandra Palace with Harry Parry, who died so terribly young a few years ago and whom I had last met some fifteen years before when, at the University College of North Wales, he so often neglected his duties as a laboratory assistant for the clarinet which was to earn him such money as no laboratory assistant ever dreams of.

But we are wandering from the Gambit. Its existence was prolonged only a little when Roman remains were found almost under its doorstep; the Watling Street ends almost at its door. But Progress would not be gainsaid. A towering office block arose to dwarf it; one demolition followed another—and now the old Gambit itself has gone!

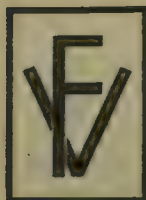
I have not mentioned the "kriegspiel" players. As you entered the Gambit, the first game that met your eye was not chess at all, but a strange off-shoot of it, practised permanently on three boards right under the front window, in which a player's only clue to the whereabouts of his opponent's pieces lay in stray staccato indications from an umpire; for instance, if your queen's rook was suddenly captured you could often deduce that the dirty deed must have been the work of a knight. Sir Robert Robinson, Nobel Prize-winner, was an enthusiastic devotee of "kriegspiel"; he and some of his fellow-enthusiasts developed almost psychic powers. [To be continued.]

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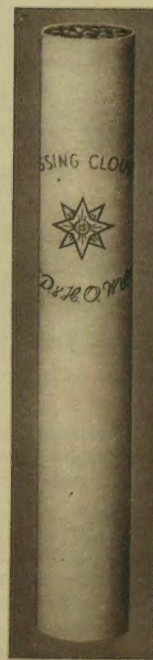
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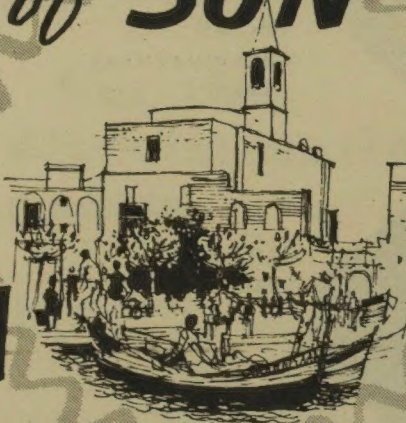
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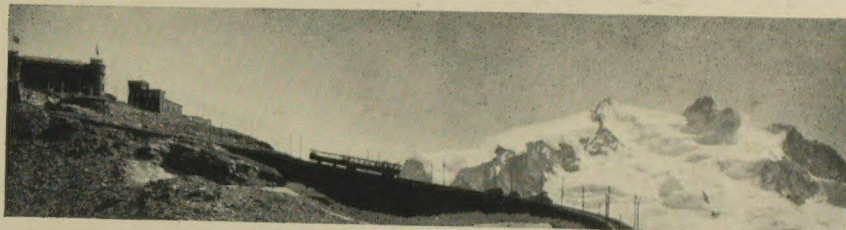
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